ON HARVEST FOUNDATION BOARD CONTRIBUTIONS

THE
NATION

JUNE 13, 1966 *35 cents*

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

PART ONE OF A SERIES

THE WARREN COMMISION REPORT
SOME UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

FRED J. COOK

FRENCH EYES ON VIETNAM

America's Colony in Hell

ALEXANDER WERTH

Doris Lessing: Child of Violence / FLORENCE HOWE

De Beauvoir: At Mother's Deathbed / MURIEL HAYNES

Colette: A Scandalous Sincerity / MARY ELLMANN

Marguerite Young: Utopian Dreams / HARRIET ZINNES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

medical fees

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In his article, "Medicare: Promises and Pitfalls" [*The Nation,* May 23], Selig Greenberg makes perceptive arguments for medical reform. . . . His remarks regarding the physician's role are less perceptive. . . . Fee setting in any profession is a difficult problem. Over the years physicians, in their various attempts to charge equitable fees, have agreed on no single schedule. They have relied on schedules suggested by national surveys of fees charged, on the state welfare and "Blue" insurance schedules, on state systems of relative value, and on a nebulous notion of community standards. The advent of medicare and recent attempts by physicians to reach agreement on fees should not be misinterpreted as extortion of the public by the medical profession. *Tom Norris*

Lukacs on Mann

Bridgeport, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: It is unfortunate that Isaac Deutscher chose to review *Essays on Thomas Mann* by Georg Lukacs [*The Nation,* May 16] from the point of view of Lukacs' hypothetical relations with Stalin rather than that of his actual relations with Mann.

Having developed an aesthetic that demands of the novelist a total comprehension of the interaction of individual and society, Lukacs would admire Mann, as he does Balzac, quite aside from the matter of their "patrician" or "bourgeois" outlook. An exploration of Lukacsian critical theory would have revealed the basis for his admiration of Mann more accurately than intimations of a Stalinist plot lurking in the background. . . . *K. B. Gilden*

freedom from the CIA

London

DEAR SIRS: We can only assume that your comments on *Encounter* magazine in your issue of May 16 were written and printed before *The New York Times* published on May 10 a letter by the editors of *Encounter* and a statement by the editor of the *Times.* In *Encounter's* letter a serious error and misstatement in the *Times* story were corrected. In the statement by the editor of *The New York Times* the defamatory implications of the original story were repudiated, and the editor of the *Times* went on to affirm that nothing was said or intended to suggest that *Encounter* was anything but what it is known to be, namely, "a distinguished international journal of independent opinion."

Stephen Spender
Irving Kristol
Melvin J. Lasky

Paris

DEAR SIRS: In a recent issue you have repeated the assertion contained in a *New York Times* article about the patrons who have in the past helped support conferences and publications of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. In our reply published in *The New York Times,* we have stated that at no point in the history of the Congress has any donor sought to shape or interfere with its actions, policies or programs.

We have also publicly gone on record to declare that in the light of the implications raised by *The New York Times* and in order not to leave any doubt about the Congress' integrity, we have requested the individuals and

(Continued on page 715)

EDITORIALS

The Conflagration Spreads

Five months ago we called attention to the fact that the war in Southeast Asia was expanding regionally ("And Now Thailand," *The Nation,* January 10). The expansion continues. Thailand is now an American military outpost second only to South Vietnam, while Cambodia, which declines to serve as an American satellite, is under threat of American military action. Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the Cambodian chief of state, unaccountably prefers the risks of defying the U.S. juggernaut to the prosperity (and inflation) which a vast influx of American forces and American dollars is guaranteed to bring to a small country.

The hazards to which recalcitrant Cambodia is exposed arise in the first place from the Vietnamese war, and are aggravated by the compliance of Thailand. The Cambodians and the Thais are hereditary enemies and have a long history of territorial disputes and regional wars. (See "Cambodia Beset" by Gail D. Stark, *The Nation,* April 18.) For the United States, many problems would be solved if Cambodia could be divided between South Vietnam (assuming pacification and a secure status as an American ally) and Thailand, which is already in that happy condition. Still happier, but hardly more than a military prophet's reverie, would be a North Vietnam purged of communism and joined with the other two in an American protectorate and jumping-off place for the subjugation of Red China.

If this cannot be, at least Thai-American relations show to what a satisfactory consummation the combination of anti-communism, American military force and dollar diplomacy can lead. Eighty per cent of air operations against North Vietnam are now conducted with F-105 and F-4C fighter-bombers from four U.S. air bases on Thai soil. Flying time to North Vietnam is twenty minutes, and there are no Vietcong to lob mortar shells into the installations. Farther south, at Sattahip on the Gulf of Siam, the biggest construction job in all Asia is going forward. Budgeted at $100 million, it is a combined airport and seaport, with great ammunition storage piers, fuel pipe lines to the interior, and two 11,500-foot runways designed to accommodate B-52s and other heavy aircraft. Some 20,000 U.S. servicemen are now in Thailand, with 10,000 more due before the end of the year.

All this is on the basis of gentlemen's agreements between the Thai rulers and American negotiators instructed to take full account of Thai sensibilities. Neither party will acknowledge publicly what everybody knows. Thus, although U.S. Marines guard the gates of the bases and shipments of supplies are addressed to United States Air Force Base, Udorn, Thailand (or Ubon, Takhli or wherever), the fiction is carefully maintained that these are Thai bases.

For their part, members of the Thai upper crust are handsomely paid for their cooperation. According to *Time* (May 27), the late Marshal Sarit Thanarat, in just five years' service as premier, "harvested close to $140 million, kept some 100 'minor wives' (i.e., mistresses)." There is scarcely any limit to the American taxpayer's bounty in the crusade for freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contrast the situation in Cambodia. Secretary Rusk disavows any intention of taking over the country, but last December 21 the State Department warned Norodom Sihanouk that U.S. forces in Vietnam had been authorized to undertake military actions in Cambodia "in exercise of the inherent right of self-defense." On several occasions American forces have attacked enemy forces with small arms, artillery and aircraft; the break in relations between the United States and Cambodia resulted from such clashes. One incident, which occurred early in May, was officially acknowledged by American military spokesmen. As a further warning to the Cambodians, it was emphasized that the U.S. field commander had not requested permission from higher authority. No such permission was required: "A commander is authorized to take whatever means are at his disposal to protect his troops and his command."

Should these minatory words and actions fail to bring Cambodia to terms, and if the Thai rulers should demand a further *quid pro quo*, might they not be permitted to "adjust" their disputed frontier with Cambodia? We have supplied them with the necessary arms and equipment.

News Manglement

Almost daily, a new, ignoble chapter is added to the feud between the White House and the press corps. On the President's excursion to Princeton University, newsmen, who are dependent on White House planning, were left waiting aboard their plane from Washington for fifteen minutes before a ramp was produced to allow them off. Then they waited another quarter of an hour for a bus that never came. Some of them hitchhiked to town in trucks and police cars. This kind of contemptuous treatment of the press has become commonplace in the Johnson Administration.

A writer for a national news magazine recently wrote of the President as a "people eater," meaning that he consumed the energies of his staff until, to save their souls, they fled his employment. The President passed the word down to this writer that he would not talk to him again "until I get over being a people eater"—meaning, until the newsman wrote something nice enough about him to cancel out the previous description.

President Kennedy was accused of managing the news. President Johnson mangles it, and newsmen who do not shape what they write to serve the Administration's purposes feel his wrath. One Pulitzer Prize-winning chronicler of Presidential affairs has so offended Johnson that he is not allowed in the White House.

Judging from the recent speeches and extemporaneous outbursts of Robert H. Fleming, the deputy press secretary at the White House, he was hired primarily to upbraid the press. Recently *The New York Times* (among other newspapers) published on its front page the picture of a Vietnamese rebel, arms held high over his head, who had just been interrogated by Vietnamese marines loyal to Premier Ky. The caption told of how a moment later the rebel was shot down for no apparent reason and, as he lay dying, the marines stripped off his boots.

Hardly had this heartless vignette been publicized than Fleming was cranking out his condemnations of "inexperi-

IN THIS ISSUE

June 13, 1966

EDITORIALS

698

ARTICLES

702 French Eyes on Vietnam: America's Colony in Hell — *Alexander Werth*

705 The Warren Commission Report: 1 Some Unanswered Questions — *Fred J. Cook*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

716 Doris Lessing: Child of Violence — *Florence Howe*

718 De Beauvoir: At the Deathbed — *Muriel Haynes*

720 Colette: A Scandalous Sincerity — *Mary Ellmann*

721 To Dream with Gods or Engineers — *Harriet Zinnes*

723 Left Behind in Sinai — *Thomas M. Franck*

724 The Bathing Place (poem) — *Ned O'Gorman*

725 In Darkest Fulbright — *Richard Kostelanetz*

727 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS
Managing Editor ROBERT HATCH
Assistant Literary Editor HELEN YGLESIAS
Poetry Editor MICHAEL GOLDMAN
Copy Editor MARION HESS
Advertising Manager MARY SIMON
Washington ROBERT G. SHERRILL
Paris ALEXANDER WERTH
Theatre HAROLD CLURMAN
Art MAX KOZLOFF
Music BENJAMIN BORETZ
Science CARL DREHER

JAMES J. STORROW JR. Publisher
ANNE C. ABRAMOVITZ Assistant

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 202 No. 24*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enced" reporting, of "headline type coverage." He complained that it was very unsporting to use that kind of picture just when the government was trying to calm the American public about the civil warring in Vietnam.

It is this kind of response that prompted Charles Roberts, for twelve years a White House correspondent for *Newsweek*, to comment at a recent University of Wisconsin symposium that "apparently the President feels we should print the news just as he dictates it, without any explanation, interpretation, background, or 'speculation.' . . . It is hard, sometimes impossible, to get a straight, substantive, responsive answer out of him. . . . The President's purpose in holding press conferences seems to be to dominate and even intimidate the press rather than to tell reporters what he is really thinking."

CIA-AFL-CIO

For several years there have been rumblings of dissension in the labor movement over the activities of Jay Lovestone, the AFL-CIO international affairs director and one of George Meany's closest coadjutors. In the February 10, 1964, *Nation*, Stanley Meisler ("Meddling in Latin America: Dubious Role of AFL-CIO") referred to the antagonism between Lovestone and Walter Reuther and his brother Victor, president and international affairs head respectively, of the United Auto Workers. The dispute involved the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD) defined by Meisler as "an enterprise run by the AFL-CIO, partly with its own funds but principally with money made available by the Alliance for Progress and private enterprise." The ostensible purpose of the AIFLD was to train Latin American labor leaders and to build a strong anti-Communist labor movement in Latin America.

To this end, U.S. agencies were engaged at that time in efforts to unseat the leftist-leaning Premier Cheddi Jagan of British Guiana and to replace him with Forbes Burnham, now head of the newly independent Guyana. One of the steps in this operation was a bloody general strike waged against Jagan by the British Guiana Trade Union Council. In a letter to *The New York Times*, Jagan charged that "local trade unionists known to be hostile to my government—and none others—have been trained by the American Institute for Free Labor Development to overthrow my government." Meisler saw in the attacks on Jagan the imprint of Lovestone, a rabid anti-Communist since his ouster as leader of the Communist Party USA in the twenties. The *Times*, after noting the Reuther brothers' criticism of Lovestone's close relations with George Meany, president of the AIFLD as well as the AFL-CIO, commented that "to his enemies, Mr. Lovestone is a sinister figure, who, they say, has soured the relationships between the AFL-CIO and other free world trade unions by unnecessary intrigue and bitter feuding."

British Guiana was only one focus of AFL-CIO anti-Communist activity in Latin America and elsewhere. Since the Central Intelligence Agency was engaged in similar endeavors abroad, one could hardly help speculating on the possibility that there was not merely parallelism but liaison between the Communist-fighters of the two organizations. Meisler indeed voiced the question: Does the U.S. Government really want the AFL-CIO to serve as a junior CIA?" No proof could be cited at that time, but at the recent UAW convention in Long Beach, Calif., covered by Harry Bernstein for the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Washington Post* (May 23), Victor Reuther charged that the AFL-CIO is "involved" with the CIA in the political affairs of foreign countries and particularly their trade union movements, and that these intrusions are either entirely secret or only partially reported to the AFL-CIO executive committee.

Reuther cited a recent case in which A. Paulson, general secretary of the International Food and Drink Workers Federation, with headquarters in Geneva, found it necessary to abolish the Panama office of the federation because of the presence there of eight individuals who were said to be "posing as official representatives" but of whom he had no knowledge. Reuther said this "seems to be one most recent example of CIA activities." A spokesman for the AFL-CIO denied that the AIFLD had any connection with the CIA. He also denied that Lovestone had had anything to do with setting up the AIFLD—which is not the same as saying that he never had anything to do with its operations.

Despite the denial, Victor Reuther continues to take a dim view of Lovestone. "The tragedy of the AFL-CIO activities in the field of foreign affairs," he says, "is that they are a vest-pocket operation by Jay Lovestone. . . . Mr. Lovestone seems to have brought into the labor movement the working habits and undercover techniques which he learned when he was in the highest echelons of the Communist Party." Which, come to think of it, sounds very much like the working habits and techniques of the CIA itself.

Slight Thaw

Some glimmerings of sense are beginning to appear in the American policy toward Communist China—perhaps to be followed, on some distant tomorrow, by reciprocal manifestations on the part of the Chinese. The Johnson Administration, however, cannot be credited with taking the initiative in withdrawing from the John Foster Dulles position that Red China was only a passing pestilence which Dr. Dulles himself would help to eradicate. The fact is that the Administration has been impelled toward realism by Senators Edward and Robert Kennedy, George McGovern, J. W. Fulbright and Rep. Henry Reuss, and by a general feeling around the country that it was about time to cease cowering before the China Lobby and the ghost of Joe McCarthy. This change we owe also to George Kennan, John K. Fairbank and the other experts who testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The fact that in 1965 the vote for admitting Red China to the UN was a 47-to-47 tie, with twenty abstentions, no doubt helped.

In his speech of May 3, Edward Kennedy suggested as an immediately feasible measure the appointment of a "blue-ribbon commission of distinguished men to make, publicly, recommendations for new directions in our China policy." In submitting this proposal Senator Kennedy lamented the fact that outstanding scholars and public servants were persecuted during the 1950s for what had hap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pened in China. "As a result," Mr. Kennedy concluded, "the wellspring of respected scholarship, on which sound political discussion is based, began to dry." This is a precise summation of what happened in the McCarthy era; accordingly *The Nation* suggests that the first appointees to the commission should be Owen Lattimore and such other victims as may be willing and able to serve.

At first, Senator Kennedy's proposal received a cold reception from the State Department. Secretary Rusk said that it already had ample outside advice. Shortly, however, the Secretary found the proposal "intriguing" and promised that in the future State would seek outside advice "somewhat more systematically." This somewhat reluctant change of heart may have been initiated by President Johnson, who is sensitive nowadays to ideas publicized by the Kennedys.

It must be emphasized that progress toward alleviation of U.S.-Chinese tension will be slow—a matter of a decade or two. There is little hope of any major change until the United States is prepared to abandon its alliance with the Chiang Kai-shek regime and to acquiesce in the status of Taiwan as an autonomous region of China, or an independent state with close ties to the mainland. The idea that scientific, educational, cultural, artistic, medical, athletic contacts, etc., can bring about a reconciliation is illusory.

Nevertheless, the emerging willingness on the American side to consider the possibility of friendly relations is a great advance over the frozen hostility of recent years. With luck, it might even help to extricate behemoth from the morass of Vietnam. Senator McGovern made this point and showed how, having substituted communism for the devil, we had assumed identical attitudes toward the Viet Minh, our ally in the war against Japan, and the Chinese Communists after their defeat of the corrupt Kuomintang. Secretary Rusk would be well advised to read carefully the speeches by McGovern and Edward Kennedy, and the subsequent discussion by Senators Fulbright, Jackson, Proxmire, Pell, Hart and Miller.

Reader Beware

In a recent lecture on the multifarious activities of the Central Intelligence Agency, Senator Morse warned readers, members of Congress and the public at large against blind confidence in studies emanating from universities and other ostensible centers of scholarship, when the source of financing is unknown. He cited a case where he himself and John F. Kennedy, then a Senator, promoted a study of U.S. policy in Latin America. One of the papers that came out of the project was prepared at a division of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology which, it later turned out, had been created under a CIA grant. According to Morse, the paper was a good one, but neither he nor Kennedy knew about the CIA's role, nor did MIT trouble to enlighten them. Morse adds that we still have no idea how many other studies have been subsidized by the CIA, the Defense Department, or other government agencies that operate under the cloak of national security.

Several cases of *sub rosa* financing by the CIA of book or magazine publishers have come to light, and there may be others that have not been disclosed. A deception not involving direct subvention has been uncovered in connection with an article on "The Faceless Viet Cong," by George A. Carver, Jr., in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*. In its identifying note the magazine told everything about the author except that he was an employee of the CIA. *Commonweal* (May 13) calls attention to an article in the February 24 *Reporter* on the National Liberation Front. This one was written by Douglas Pike, identified as a specialist in research on the Vietcong for the U.S. Information Agency in Saigon "who recently spent a year at MIT preparing a definitive study of the NLF." Presumably this is the same MIT Center of International Studies that was established with CIA money, has only recently severed its relations with the CIA, and is still headed by a former CIA assistant director. "Once again," *Commonweal* asks, "what is one to think?"

It would be utterly fatuous to credit authors like Mr. Carver, or the unknown number of publications and writers who may have been subsidized directly or indirectly by the CIA, with an objective viewpoint. As an employee of the agency, Mr. Carver was no more free to reach conclusions favorable in any material respect to the Vietcong than a writer in a Vietcong publication would be to say anything good about the American war effort in Vietnam. When such connections are concealed, either the author has deceived the publication or the publication the reader.

The MIT case, the CIA infiltration of Michigan State University and the suspicion that, justly or unjustly, now surrounds a multitude of university projects abroad, all give support to Sen. Eugene McCarthy's proposal for the creation of a broadened Senate committee to oversee the operations of the CIA. Enough has been revealed to show that the present improvised committee is hardly more than a cover for anything the agency cares to perpetrate. The plea that the CIA's legitimate operations would be compromised is specious. Will anyone assert that the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who would serve on the new panel are less loyal than the Senators on the present committee?

Atlanta's Operatic Mores

A belief particularly dear to the hearts of liberals is that acceptance of racial desegregation by whites increases with education and income. This reflects, perhaps, our faith in education as a cure for social ills and our unspoken fear that if education and economic security won't cure prejudice, nothing will. In Atlanta, Ga., that fear is only too well grounded. In the Gate City, as it delights to call itself, a measure of desegregation has been achieved—through force of law—in schools, hospitals and other public institutions; but the doors of private institutions remain closed to Negroes. With few exceptions, the "leaders" of the community choose to limit their associations to persons like themselves in race, and usually in religion as well.

The ultimate test of Atlanta's elite came with the annual visit of the Metropolitan Opera, the high point in the region's cultural and social life, co-sponsored by the Junior League and the Music Festival Association, a body studded with the names of top-drawer business and social leaders. In recent years, or since the Negro no longer knew his place,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Met's appearance has presented problems as well as artistic joy. Until 1962, Negroes were permitted only in top gallery seats, but that year Rudolph Bing announced that the company would not play before racially segregated audiences. The opera lovers were in a dilemma. They could continue the policy of offering tickets on a priority basis to those who had bought them the year before, thus practically insuring the inheritance of the best seats in the house, or, as Mayor Hartsfield expressed it, they could have "enough Negroes in the front rows for Mr. Bing to be able to see them." Compromise prevailed: there is no longer any restriction on where anyone may sit—he just has to have the ticket.

As always where the arts, especially opera, are concerned, social rewards and punishments are a consideration. Entertaining for the opera stars has traditionally been the reward for those who have labored long and hard in the operatic vineyard. The Piedmont Driving Club was the chosen place until two years ago, when Leontyne Price sang one of the leading roles. On that occasion the party following the performance was given at a restaurant. And this year, the sixth after the beginning of school desegregation in Atlanta and the second after passage of the civil rights bill, the Atlanta Opera Guild held its luncheon, a social event of the highest importance, at the Piedmont Driving Club as of yore—but without the members of the Metropolitan company. Unanimously, the artists stayed away. They sent their regrets, said an assistant manager, because Negro members of the company were not invited and "we don't like to attend functions where all our members cannot attend."

Explanations followed. According to the president of the Opera Guild, the luncheon had to be held at the Driving Club; all attempts to find a suitable public facility had ended in failure. The president said further that the Guild has no restrictions on membership "other than $8 a year dues," that they have members from eight states and for all she knows, some of them may be Negroes. The Driving Club said that members are permitted to invite guests to functions, but "we do have racial restrictions on guests." In sum, it appears to be a case of wanting not to entertain Negroes more than wanting to entertain Metropolitan opera stars, and anyone who knows Atlanta knows that anything the elite group wants more than that, they must want very much indeed.

FRENCH EYES ON VIETNAM

AMERICA'S COLONY IN HELL

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

If General de Gaulle is, in many ways, disengaging himself from the "tutelage" of the United States, it is not because he hated Roosevelt during the last war and is generally "anti-American," but very largely because he sees the war in Vietnam as the biggest danger that the peace of the world has run since the end of World War II. He himself was one of the Guilty Men of the French war in Vietnam of 1946-54; but he gradually realized his mistake, welcomed the end of the war there, and has latterly advocated a neutralization of South Vietnam. As the world's "No. 1 decolonizer" (a description of which he is very proud) he has been increasingly shocked by the news coming from Southeast Asia. I understand that he has been studying with particular care the detailed report recently brought back from Vietnam by Robert Guillain, the gist of which has just been published in a series of five long articles in *Le Monde*. Guillain belongs to that small band of French writers who have spent years in Vietnam since the end of World War II and who consider that the Americans (with rare exceptions) "simply do not understand what kind of country they have taken on."

He opens his series with a description of Saigon. The piaster-franc currency rackets of the French occupation were child's play, compared with the innumerable rackets going on in Saigon today. There is not only the dollar-piaster racket with its three different exchange rates; there are rackets in everything. Vast quantities of PX goods are stolen and resold in Saigon, GIs and big and small Vietnamese officials all playing their part in these thefts. There are rackets in real estate, in building materials, in opium and gambling dens; and, above all, there is prostitution, this being "Saigon's biggest industry." Thousands of rooms in hotels and private houses are being let to GIs for the purpose, so that a high proportion of the population is making a good thing out of it. Guillain "found Saigon nauseating."

> Here, after twenty years of wars and revolutions, are re-established all the detestable visions of white supremacy, the whites are masters of the city. . . . Is not America afraid of the judgment of the "third world"? For here, after twenty years of decolonization, the Americans have turned an Asian capital into the world's biggest whorehouse.

The Vietcong could spoil all the fun by turning Saigon into a city of terror, as the Algerian nationalists did in Algiers; but they prefer it this way: they want the people to realize that "South Vietnam's head—i.e., Saigon—has gone completely rotten." They intensify this "rottenness" by frequently interfering with food supplies to Saigon; the result is ever rising prices, inflation and discontent. And it is not as though the Vietnamese (and the girls) liked the Americans; they merely like dollars. The Americans, on the other hand, imagine that they have friends in Vietnam:

> What is surprising is that the Americans shouldn't be aware of the *political* decay in Saigon. Without experience of Vietnam, and too crude to see the finer points, they judge everything in black and white—the "good" Vietnamese who work for them and whom they regard as their friends, and the "bad" Vietnamese who live in the jungle. What they do not see is that, only too often, the "good" and the "bad" Vietnamese is the same person.

There is, in fact, no "parallel" Vietcong organization;

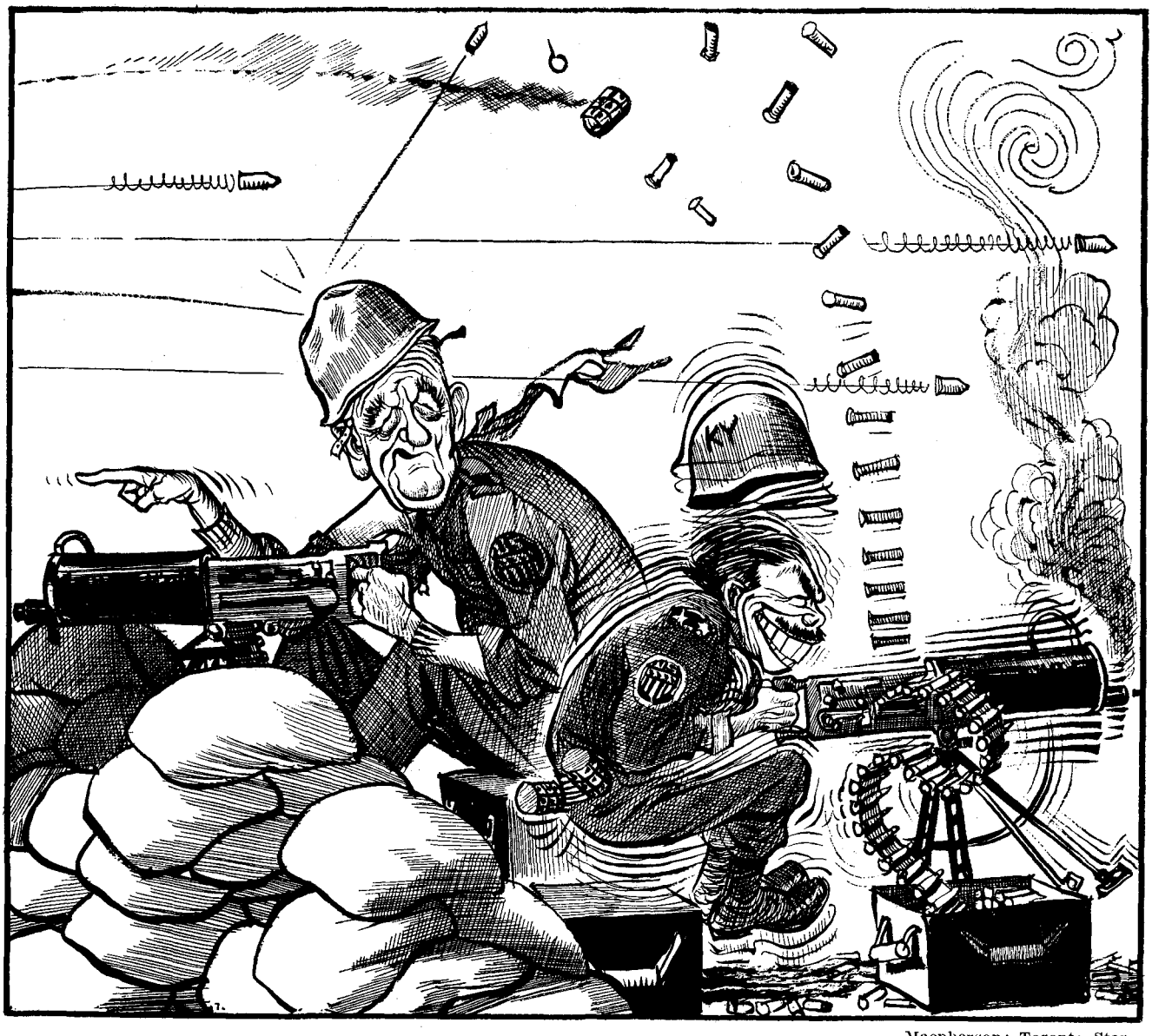
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instead, there is a ubiquitous penetration of the South Vietnamese government machinery at all levels by the Vietcong. One of General Ky's ministers told Guillain: "40 per cent of my staff are Vietcong men and women." In Saigon alone there are 20,000 active Vietcong agents; the American camps and offices also teem with them, and the girls whom American officers take to cocktail parties are, more often than not, Vietcong agents. Such agents also exist in the highest ranks of the South Vietnamese government and army.

South Vietnam, Guillain argues, is a colony, to a degree even greater than it was under the French. The myth of an "independent South Vietnam" is hard to maintain. The economy of the country is chaotic and the United States pays for almost everything—up to 80 per cent of the South Vietnamese budget. Vietnam was a very big exporter of rice; now vast quantities must be imported from America. South Vietnamese officials are so corrupt that the Americans are increasingly forced to introduce direct American administration everywhere. But that is not easy, since many thousands more Americans would be required to make such a "direct administration" work. Meantime the fiction is maintained that American officials are only "advisers," not "directors"; as a result, a high percentage of U.S. supplies continues to be stolen, even including medical supplies for hospitals. This will have to be stopped, if the system is to work at all. But how?

Striking sights in South Vietnam today are the vast new installations put up by Vietnam Builders, an organization responsible for building new naval bases, air bases, airfields, roads, etc. It will soon be employing 50,000 Vietnamese. Attracted by the high wages, workers are abandoning the rubber plantations to take construction jobs. Vietnam Builders is a formidable new American force, as important in its own way as the Army, the State Department, U.S. Aid and the CIA. Its presence suggests that the United States intends to stay in Vietnam indefinitely.

U.S. Aid, which deals with economic improvements and refugees, is also largely run by Vietnamese officials, and it is they who mostly deal with the 230 camps holding half a million refugees and with the 300,000 "resettled" people. But these figures, Guillain alleges, are grossly exaggerated,



"Not Thataway, Thisaway"

Macpherson: Toronto Star

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the refugees, like everything else, provide a fruitful racket for the Vietnamese officials. Meantime, the "resettled" peasants and refugees, many of them living in horrible conditions, provide perfect inflammable material for the Vietcong.

All the refugees come from "unsafe" areas, which have been obliterated by the American Air Force, or which keep changing hands between the Vietcong and the American-Vietnamese. On the American bombings of "suspect" villages Guillain has much to say—about men, women and children burned to death or half burned with napalm. While unable to give any precise figure of Vietnamese civilians killed (mostly villagers—men, women and children) he reckons that in 1965 alone nearly 100,000 people were exterminated in the (usually highly indiscriminate) bombings. Guillain does not claim that the average Vietnamese peasant is pro-Vietcong; all he wants is peace, but the herding of hundreds of thousands of peasants into camps and refugee squatter towns is not making the populace pro-American. Altogether, Guillain says, the spectacle of heavily armed white men killing badly armed or unarmed yellow men is having a devastating effect in all the countries of Asia.

> There is one element that does not figure in American computer figures, and that is the incredible Asiatic capacity to suffer and resist. The Vietnamese are even tougher in that respect than the Chinese and Japanese. At guerrilla war the South Vietnamese are better than the North Vietnamese, and much better than the Chinese. . . . Moreover, they are sly, cunning and virtuosos at playing a double game. The Americans just didn't know what kind of country they took on. The longer the war and the occupation last, the more likely will there be a rising of a whole people. The war and the GIs are, every day, creating more resistance than all the propaganda of Hanoi and Peking. The U.S. can destroy the country entirely with their bombs; they will not be able to hold it or occupy it indefinitely.

No one underrates the power of the United States, but the Vietcong, though it has suffered heavy casualties, has not been wiped out. The Vietcong are usually able to dodge major operations in which they would be at the mercy of American air power. As an American expert told Guillain: "To occupy Vietnam, we shall need not fifteen but fifty divisions." But even then they would have more and more Vietnamese against them. For the present, the Vietcong effectives are not diminishing; at night, the Vietcong are the bosses over large territories. Young boys are recruited in the villages, and 5,000 new guerrillas slip through every month from North Vietnam, the bombing of the "Ho Chi Minh Road" having proved ineffective. It will, in short, take many years to "pacify" South Vietnam, and the results are not apt to be better than was the French "pacification" of Algeria. The Americans are getting impatient, and the South Vietnamese officials even more so, since they foresee the day when they, too, will be forced by popular pressure to say, "U.S. go home."

Since the guerrilla war has proved disappointing in every way, and since the Americans are beginning slowly to realize that, despite their "military successes," South Vietnam is, politically, a worse madhouse than ever, the question of what next becomes increasingly ominous. There are, in Guillain's opinion, four possibilities. One is to cut the Ho Chi Minh Road, "the Vietcong's pipe line," at any price; but the terrain is "detestable," and very large forces will be required to control the road. Second, the Americans could land in North Vietnam, preferably at Vinh (an ancient city already almost wholly destroyed by bombing) and cut the country in two. Politically, this would be a very dangerous move. A third course open to the Americans would be to smash everything in North Vietnam, including Haiphong and Hanoi, and perhaps even the great dykes whose destruction would condemn the country to starvation. Finally, the United States could bomb China, beginning with its atomic installations and heavy industry.

Guillain thinks this last solution unlikely, but he is convinced that the Chinese themselves will hit out if it seems to them certain that North Vietnam is on the point of cracking up. Since the all-out attack on North Vietnam is by no means improbable, Guillain considers that there is every reason for us all to "spend sleepless nights" over the war in Vietnam. This war, of white men massacring yellow men, is sufficiently dreadful in its own right, but it is also a "little" war that may well lead to World War III. For if North Vietnam cracks up and the Chinese intervene, the Russians will almost certainly have to come in, whether they want to or not. Almost as an afterthought, Guillain concludes that the Vietcong have a secret weapon—which is to offer peace to the Americans. If such a peace is made, there can only be a complete disintegration of that American "crown colony," South Vietnam.

Meantime, President Johnson's protégé, General Ky, has proved a good pupil of the Americans: by trying to solve an essentially political conflict with the Buddhists and dissident soldiers at Danang by military means, he has won what can be only a false victory. And not even a complete victory at that; for the soldiers and people of Hué continue to defy Saigon, and collusion prevails between the dissident generals at Hué and the Buddhist leaders. Ky's "American" way of handling a political conflict is not likely to help him in his promised election. As *Le Monde* says in its editorial of May 26:

> For the Americans the war may, as they say, be "going well"; but that solves precisely nothing, so long as the military operations are threatened by a political collapse in the South Vietnamese rear.
>
> More serious still, Ky acted in this case independently of the Americans, thus starting a new civil war within a bigger war. . . . Perhaps the Americans will now begin to realize that there is a wide gulf between the military junta of South Vietnam and the Vietnamese people. And this situation can, in the end, play only into the hands of the Vietcong.

None of the commentaries by leading European authorities on Vietnam (and many more could be quoted) suggest that there is much intelligence or understanding at the White House, with its black-and-white vision of Asia, and its dubious, if not downright bogus, crusading spirit. If only, it is felt here, the President would take a little notice of what thoughtful (and non-Communist) Asians say—for instance of U Thant's speech at Atlantic City on May 24, with its call for a cease-fire—a beginning of the end to horror might be made.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

FRED J. COOK

When the report of the Warren Commission was issued, we asked Herbert L. Packer, of the Stanford Law School, to evaluate it for our readers ("The Warren Report," The Nation, *November 2, 1964). Mr. Packer's conclusion, which we shared then and now, was: "The verdict of history will be a long time coming. We have not seen the end of this affair. What the Warren Commission has done is to refute or render irrelevant the speculations of those who, out of whatever aberrant needs, still refuse to believe that Oswald, Ruby and the Dallas authorities were what they appear to be and not something more sinister."*

At the time Mr. Packer prepared his analysis, the supporting volumes of transcripts and exhibits, originally slated for release simultaneously with the report volume, were not available. As Mr. Packer pointed out: "This should not have been allowed to happen. Whether the fault lies with the commission or with the White House, it is a grievous one. What it means, very simply, is that there is not at this time an adequate basis for evaluating the quality of the commission's fact-finding process. The problem is particularly acute in the case of findings that rest wholly or largely on testimony by eyewitnesses. By a careful reading of the report one learns who some of these witnesses were and what the commission thought was established by their testimony. What one cannot learn is how their testimony was probed by the inquiry. . . . One assumes . . . that the probing was detailed and penetrating; but that remains a surmise until the raw material is available for examination."

Because of these circumstances, The Nation *is publishing the following detailed examination of the transcripts by Fred J. Cook, a crime reporter of many years' experience. His manuscript, as here presented, was delivered to us on May 9. Mr. Cook does not question Oswald's guilt. But his reading of the transcripts raises unanswered questions about how the assassination actually occurred. In publishing Mr. Cook's intensely interesting analysis of the evidence as it bears on these questions, we repeat what we have previously said about the Warren Commission and its staff (see editorial, November 2, 1965, p. 290); we have never doubted the good faith of the commission or the good faith or high quality of its staff. But the facts disclosed by the transcript, as they relate to the points that trouble Mr. Cook, are not conclusive, and from them reasonable men may reach different or, as in this case, variant conclusions. It could not be otherwise because the Warren Commission was a fact-finding body; it was not concerned with "legal truth" as it is established in an adversary proceeding (see "The Warren Commission" by Maurice Rosenberg of the Columbia Law School,* The Nation, *September 14, 1964). The historical verdict, which is something else again, will, as Mr. Packer pointed out, be a long time coming.*—THE EDITORS

Abraham Zapruder staggered away from five and a half seconds of horror in Dallas, his 8 mm. movie camera dangling from his hand. "They killed him, they killed him!" he kept screaming as he made his way blindly through the crowds and back to the office of his dress manufacturing firm at 501 Elm Street. Zapruder had just witnessed the November 22, 1963, assassination of President Kennedy; and, though he could not know it at the time, he had captured on film the most vital single bit of evidence the Warren Commission was to receive in its long investigation.

His camera had recorded virtually the entire sequence of the assassination. Its shutter speed subsequently enabled investigators to determine the speed and position of the Presidential car; its film detail established approximately the point at which the President was first hit and definitively the exact spot at which the final shot mortally wounded him. The Zapruder film is basic to any understanding of what happened in Dallas, and if its unchallengeable pictorial record is interpreted with any logic, it strongly suggests that Lee Harvey Oswald alone could not have fired all the shots on this day of assassination.

The Warren Commission, which studied the evidence of the Zapruder film, came to practically the opposite conclusion; it decided that Oswald, and only Oswald, had fired the lethal bullets. The process by which the commission arrived at this conclusion lies largely unperceived at the heart of the Warren Report, and to understand it one must examine in some detail the significance of the evidence preserved in Abraham Zapruder's graphic film strip.

Zapruder had established himself on a concrete abutment about 4 feet high and 2 feet wide on the right-hand side of Elm Street as it comes curving down, bending to the right toward the triple railroad underpass that President Kennedy was never to reach alive. Fom this vantage point, Zapruder had an almost unimpeded view of the entire motorcade as it swept along Houston Street and made its left-hand turn into Elm directly in front of the Texas School Book Depository where, in a corner sixth floor window, Oswald was crouched, waiting. There was just one obstruction in the range of Zapruder's camera, a large rectangular road sign reading, "Stemmons Freeway, Keep Right." This sign was to blot out the Presidential limousine during one short, early portion of the assassination sequence, but once the car emerged from behind the sign, every detail was vividly filmed.

In subsequent tests with the camera, the FBI determined that it took 18.3 frames per second. Each of these so-called "frames" is an individual picture, and by numbering the frames on the Zapruder film and carefully analyzing the progress of the Presidential limousine it was possible to determine with great accuracy both the sequence of the action and the vital timing involved. Zapruder's film showed clearly that President Kennedy, who had received a tremendous ovation in Dallas, was smiling and waving to the crowds during his entire approach down Elm Street. At frame 205, the rectangular Stemmons Freeway sign intervenes, cutting off a complete view of the Presidential party; but the President's head is still erect, his hand raised in a half wave,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and so he appears until frame 210, at which point he vanishes behind the sign, apparently still unhurt.

Fifteen frames later, the President is seen again—and a fateful change has set in. When he emerges from behind the sign at frame 225, his hands are just beginning to jerk toward his throat; he has evidently just been shot. This movement of the President's hands, barely discernible in frame 225, becomes definite in frame 226 and is nearly completed in frame 227. The film seems to establish that the President could not have been struck by the first bullet before frame 210.

With this much established, the official description of one suspect, three shells, three shots begins to collide with fact. Seated on the jump seat of the Presidential limousine directly in front of the President was John Bowden Connally, Jr., Governor of Texas. The Warren Commission was to conclude that the first shot to hit the President pierced the middle of his back on a line straight in from the shoulder joint, exited at high velocity from his throat slightly below the Adam's apple, plunged into Governor Connally's back on the right side, exited below his right nipple, fractured his wrist and ploughed a furrow in his thigh. The Zapruder film clearly disputes this reconstruction of events. By about frame 231, the President is shown at the climax of his reaction to the first wounding shot. Both of his arms are raised to shoulder level, hands clutching at his throat as if trying to tear out some offending object—the spasmodic reaction of the suddenly wounded. Yet there, directly in front of him, facing forward with face still serene, is Governor Connally. It seems inconceivable that the body of this man, as the Warren Commission contends, has already been penetrated and furrowed by an almost lethal bullet.

Why, in the face of this pictorial evidence—and, as we shall see, despite the clear and candid and completely credible testimony of Governor Connally himself—did the Warren Commission insist upon deciding that the Governor *must* have been wounded at a point at which all the pictorial and other evidence says he was still untouched? The answer is to be found in the irreconcilability of the one-assassin theory with the sequence established by the Zapruder film.

The Warren Commission, in reconstructing the case, conducted elaborate tests with Oswald's war-surplus, 6.5 mm. Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. It discovered that the fastest time in which the fastest trigger finger in the FBI could touch off a shot with the Carcano was 2.3 seconds. Then, on the basis of no evidence whatsoever, it made the further judgment that Oswald, who apparently hadn't fired a rifle in months, could match the fastest gun in the FBI. It was entirely possible, the commission ruled, that Oswald had fired a series of lethal shots spaced 2.3 seconds apart.

Though this basic premise of the commission is at desperate odds with the time table of the film, the conflict is just beginning. See what happens when one tries to fit this fastest firing time into the assassination sequence established by Zapruder's camera. The film was rolling 42 frames in 2.3 seconds. Medical evidence submitted to the commission held that Governor Connally, judging from the angle at which the bullet passed through his body, could not have been hit after frame 235. An FBI expert suggested that the Governor might have been hit up to frame 240, at

which point his body was twisted completely out of the line of fire. Governor Connally himself viewed the Zapruder film and testified that he believed he was wounded between frames 231 and 234, an opinion that agrees with that of the medical experts.

It seems clear from the Zapruder film that the President could not have been hit for the first time before frame 210. Even supposing that Oswald's trigger finger matched the lightning touch of the fastest hand in the FBI, he could not have shot the President at frame 210 and wounded Governor Connally before frame 252. And those vital 42 frames, representing 2.3 seconds, cannot be wedged between the maximum check points, frame 210 and frame 240.

How, then, did the Warren Commission reconcile the film evidence with the official theory of the assassination? It determined that President Kennedy and Governor Connally *must* have been wounded by the same bullet, in all probability the first one fired. This "solution" collides with the seemingly clear pictorial evidence of the Zapruder film, which shows Governor Connally apparently unharmed long after it is clear that the President has been hit. Expert witnesses helped the commission to reason away this disturbing evidence. They argued that it was impossible to tell from Governor Connally's reaction in the film precisely when he was hit; they explained that reaction times vary with the individual and with circumstance. Therefore, they argued, the Zapruder film evidence would not be conclusive, persuasive as it appears. And so, the commission evidently concluded, it could disregard the apparent collision between fact and theory and sustain the official line. To do so, it had to ignore a mass of other corroborative evidence.

Probably the one most forceful, cogent and completely credible witness during the entire Warren Commission investigation was Governor Connally himself. Tall and handsome, speaking quietly and clearly, with evident re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

straint and great care for exactitude, he created an impression of sanity and responsibility in an insane situation. Appearing on nation-wide television in the immediate aftermath of the issuance of the Warren Report, he was asked about the inconsistency between the commission's findings and his own clear recollection of events. He shook his head and said that it was difficult to quarrel with a panel of such distinguished experts but he could only repeat what he had said before—his mind was clear about what had happened, and it simply, to his recollection, hadn't happened that way. Let us see, therefore, just how specific and how detailed was Governor Connally's testimony before the Warren Commission.

The motorcade, the Governor said, had made the left-hand turn into Elm Street and had gone perhaps 150 to 200 feet down toward the Stemmons Freeway "when I heard what I thought was a shot. I instinctively turned my head to my right because the sound appeared to come from over my right shoulder, so I turned to look back over my shoulder, and I saw nothing unusual except just people in the crowd, but I did not catch the President in the corner of my eye, and I was interested, because once I heard the shot in my own mind I identified it as a rifle shot, and I immediately—the only thought that crossed my mind was that this is an assassination attempt.

"So I looked, failing to see him, I was turning back to look over my left shoulder into the back seat, but I never got that far in my turn. I got about in the position I am in now facing you, looking a little bit to the left of center, and then I felt like someone had hit me in the back."

The shots came so fast, Governor Connally testified, that "the thought immediately passed through my mind that there were either two or three people involved or more in this or someone was shooting with an automatic rifle." He described how the force of the shot drove him to the right; how, as he collapsed, his wife pulled his head into her lap; and how, lying there, he heard the sound of the third shot and saw the President's head literally explode.

Arlen Specter, one of the commission's assistant counsels, asked the Governor which shot, in his view, had caused his own injuries. It went like this:

GOVERNOR CONNALLY: The second one.

MR. SPECTER: And what is your reason for that conclusion, sir?

GOVERNOR CONNALLY: Well, in my judgment, it just couldn't conceivably have been the first one because I heard the sound of the shot. In the first place, I didn't know anything about the velocity of this particular rifle, but any rifle has a velocity that exceeds the speed of sound, and when I heard the sound of that first shot, that bullet had already reached where I was, or it had reached that far, and after I heard that shot, I had the time to turn to the right and start to turn to my left before I felt anything.

It is not conceivable to me that I could have been hit by the first bullet, and then I felt the blow from something which was obviously a bullet, which I assumed was a bullet, and I never heard the second shot, didn't hear it. I didn't hear but two shots. I think I heard the first shot and the third shot.

MR. SPECTER: Do you have any idea as to why you did not hear the second shot?

GOVERNOR CONNALLY: Well, first, again I assume the bullet was traveling faster than the sound. I was hit by the bullet prior to the time the sound reached me, and I was either in a state of shock or the impact was such that the sound didn't register on me, but I was never conscious of hearing the second shot at all.

Obviously, at least the major wound that I took in the shoulder through the chest couldn't have been anything but the second shot. . . .

A couple of facts corroborating this testimony should be noted. Governor Connally, because he sat on the jump seat in front of the President, became visible again to Zapruder's camera before the President did. At frame 222, the Governor can be seen clearly as the car emerges from behind the Stemmons Freeway sign. At this point, the Governor's head is turned sharply to the right (apparently he has just heard the first shot and is looking in that direction); he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continues to gaze to the right in frames 223 and 224, and in 225, when the President is first barely visible, with his hands just beginning to jerk toward his throat, Governor Connally is facing further forward, evidently beginning that turn to the left that he never completed before he himself was hit.

Sound registers at 1,127 feet per second; a bullet fired from Oswald's Carcano was later clocked at 1,904 feet per second at a range of 180 feet. In other words, if the first bullet that struck the President also inflicted the wounds on Governor Connally, the slug would have passed through the Governor's body before he became visible at frame 222; he would not have been able to turn his head to look to the right, he would not have been able to begin swinging his body back to twist and look to the left, as he testified he did and as the Zapruder film shows he did, *before* he received the impact of that second shot that stunned him and flung him violently to the right. The film sequence clearly says that this vital action, basic to the Warren Commission's entire reconstruction of events, *did not happen* the way the commission was to decide it *must have happened.*

In additional testimony, Governor Connally made a couple of comments that should be noted. In response to a question from Sen. John Sherman Cooper, of Kentucky, he explained that "I have all my life been familiar with the sound of a rifle shot, and the sound I heard I thought was a rifle shot, at the time I heard it; I didn't think it was a firecracker, or blowout or anything else. . . . I have hunted long enough to think that my perception with respect to directions is very, very good, and this shot I heard came from back over my shoulder, which was in the direction of the School Book Depository, no question about it. . . ." And in pinpointing exactly where he himself was hit by the second bullet, Governor Connally fixed on frames 231 to 234 and related his judgment to a roadside landmark, the Stemmons Freeway sign. "It was just after we came out of the sign (Zapruder frame 225) . . ." he told the commission.

Mrs. Connally was seated beside her husband on the left-hand jump seat of the Presidential car. She recalled in her testimony before the Warren Commission that, as the car made its swing into Elm Street, the welcome the President had received had become so heartfelt and enthusiastic she could not resist turning to him and saying: "Mr. President, you can't say Dallas doesn't love you."

She continued:

"Then I don't know how soon, it seems to me it was very soon, that I heard a noise, and not being an expert rifleman, I was not aware that it was a rifle. It was just a frightening noise, and it came from the right.

"I turned over my right shoulder and looked back, and saw the President as he had both hands at his neck. . . . I saw no blood, no anything. It was just sort of nothing, the expression on his face, and he sort of slumped down.

"Then very soon there was the second shot that hit John. As the first shot hit, and I turned to look at the same time, I recall John saying, 'Oh, no, no, no.' Then there was a second shot, and it hit John, and as he recoiled to the right, just crumpled like a wounded animal to the right, he said, 'My God, they are going to kill us all.'"

Mrs. Connally recounted how she pulled her husband's head into her lap, and seeing that he was alive, kept murmuring to him in reassurance that he was going to be all right. She had seen the Zapruder film strip before she testified, she said, and she agreed with her husband about the spot at which he had been wounded.

"I am not sure I remember the numbers so correct me," she testified, "but I thought at the time that it was 229—it could have been through the next three or four frames."

Allen Dulles, former Chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, was puzzled by one aspect of Mrs. Connally's testimony.

". . . Mrs. Connally," he said, "on one point your testimony differs from a good many others as to the timing of the shots. I think you said that there appeared to be more time between the second and third than between the first and second; is that your recollection?"

"Yes," Mrs. Connally said.

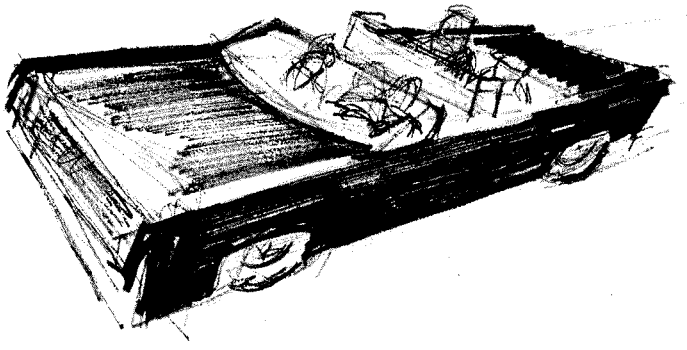
Here was an issue that was to plague the commission time and again. Some eyewitnesses thought the first and second shots came very close together; others were just as positive that close firing marked the second and third. Even when one makes allowance for the imperfection of human ability to recollect fleeting seconds of high crisis, many of these witnesses were highly intelligent, trained observers—and so the conflict was baffling to a commission that was trying to limit itself to three shots and to fit these three shots into an exact sequence. The Zapruder film's definite check points might have suggested an explanation —but not one limited to three shots. What the film said was that the President was wounded first shortly after frame 210; Governor Connally was struck before frame 240; and the last shot that blew out the side of the President's head came at exactly frame 313. This meant that the first two shots came very close together, so close that it is scarcely conceivable one man could have fired them both; and it meant that there was then a long pause of about four seconds before the final and fatal shot struck. This break in the action suggests the possibility of a slower and more reasonable firing time than 2.3 seconds; it suggests the presence of two marksmen. If shots were bunched either at the beginning or the end of the assassination sequence, it was manifestly impossible to have just a single sharpshooter touching off just three shots. One of the commission's major problems throughout was to get those three shots to which it had limited itself properly spaced, and the warring recollections of witnesses were a great befuddlement. Of course, if one considers the possibility of two riflemen, some of the difficulty begins to resolve itself. Two men firing at the same target, working bolt-action rifles as rapidly as possible, might indeed have touched off shots that almost synchronized at different stages of the assassination sequence. And since the marksmen would have been firing from different locations the distance covered by the shots and the distance sound had to travel would be different. The time relationship of the shots would have depended upon where a person stood in relation to firing; two shots might even have registered as one or, as Secret Service Agents were to testify, as a bang-bang coming right together.

Roy H. Kellerman, the Secret Service Agent in charge of the detail guarding the President in Dallas, rode in the right front seat of the Presidential limousine beside the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

driver, Secret Service Agent William Robert Greer. Kellerman, too, had a landmark to help him fix the point of action—the Stemmons Freeway sign—and it should be borne in mind that, since he was in the front seat, he cleared the sign and was out in the open a split second before the President. The evidence of the Zapruder film shows Kellerman just coming into view at frame 218, and it was immediately after this, according to his testimony, that the shooting began.

"There was a sign on the side of the road which I don't recall what it was or what it said," he testified, "but we no more than passed that and you are out in the open, and there is a report like a firecracker pop. And I turned my head to the right because whatever this noise was I was sure that it came from the right and perhaps into the rear, and as I turned my head to the right to view whatever it was or see whatever it was, I heard a voice from the back seat and I firmly believe it was the President's, 'My God, I am hit,' and I turned around and he has got his hands up here like this."



Kellerman demonstrated how the President had grasped at his throat.

Kellerman said he then swung around, snapped to Greer to get them out of there fast, and grabbed the microphone to tell the Secret Service detail in the car ahead to speed them to a hospital. He continued:

"Now, in the seconds that I talked just now, *a flurry of shells* came into the car. I then looked back and this time Mr. (Clinton J.) Hill, who was riding on the left front bumper of our follow-up car, was on the back trunk of that car; the President was sideways down into the back seat." *(Italics added.)*

Greer, the driver, filled in the gap between Kellerman's first observation of the President's being hit and his next look into the back seat after it was all over. Greer testified that he heard the first shot and thought it was "a backfire of one of our motorcycle policemen." Then he heard a second. "And I glanced over my shoulder and I saw Governor Connally like he was starting to fall." Both Kellerman and Greer had one clear recollection, the rapidity of the last two shots. Kellerman estimated that there might have been a five-second pause between the first sound he heard and the second, but that the last two reports came almost together. This version conflicts with the Connallys' clear recollections and with the evidence of the Zapruder film strip which clearly indicates that the President and the Governor were wounded by separate shots fired no more than 1.6 seconds apart (the maximum elapsed time if one takes frames 210 and 240, the earliest and the latest possible, as firing points) and perhaps considerably closer together if one judges from Kellerman's testimony that the action began around frame 220 and accepts Governor Connally's version that he was wounded no later than frame 234, the equivalent of seven-ninths of a second.

Kellerman himself in his testimony seemed to be aware of some puzzling and haunting conflict that his memory could not help him resolve. He referred again and again to "a flurry of shots," but he had a clear recollection of only three reports. Two large bullet fragments from one of the shots came flying into the front seat between Greer and Kellerman; one of these fragments or some other fragment chipped the inside of the windshield just to the right of the driver; and there was another dent in the chrome plating at the top of the car. This splintering of bullets and showering of fragments into the front seat might partially account for Kellerman's "flurry of shots" impression, but it can hardly explain away his own clearest and most positive recollection, the almost simultaneous reports of the last two shots that he heard—an effect that could hardly be created by a lone sharpshooter with a bolt-action rifle.

Asked how many shots he had heard after the first noise, Kellerman testified in a manner that hinted at his own uncertainty. "I am going to say two," he said, "and it was a double bang—bang, bang."

He described the shots as "instantaneous." Pressed to describe how closely the third report followed the second, he gave this illustration: "You have heard the sound barrier, of a plane breaking the sound barrier, bang, bang. That is it." Repeatedly, Kellerman indicated that he felt there must have been more than three shots, but he couldn't recall having heard more. "I'll have to say 'No,' " he answered when asked if he had heard more than three.

Instructed to mark on a map where he thought the President's car was when the second shot was fired, Kellerman drew a red "Y" in the roadway. He said he could not advance the car at all for the third shot; in his opinion, it had struck in the same place.

Greer's recollection matched Kellerman's. Where Kellerman had used the word "instantaneous" to describe the last two shots, Greer used "simultaneous." He had had barely time to turn his head after his rapid glance into the back seat on hearing the second shot when he heard the report of the third. "The last two seemed to be just simultaneously, one behind the other," he said. "It seemed like there was the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first one, and then there was, you know, bang, bang, just right behind it almost."

It is perhaps advisable to pause here and see what meaning can be derived from the dovetailing and quite positive recollections of Greer and Kellerman about those last "simultaneous" or "instantaneous" reports. The evidence of the Zapruder film segment says that *neither of these reports* related to the shot that felled Governor Connally. The Governor could not have been wounded after frame 240; the shot that killed the President struck at frame 313. This is inescapable fact. Governor Connally was struck almost exactly four seconds before the shot that killed the President; and, if Kellerman and Greer were right—and they were both highly trained Secret Service Agents—virtually simultaneous reports at the end of the firing sequence could

mean only that another shot was fired at this point in addition to the one that killed the President.

How, then, does one account for the agents hearing only three shots if at least two, the first that wounded President Kennedy and the second that wounded Governor Connally, had been fired prior to this final "flurry"? It should perhaps be noted that the four seconds of elapsed time between the wounding of Governor Connally and the killing of President Kennedy corresponds closely with Kellerman's memory of a five-second gap in the firing sequence. Only, judging by the Zapruder film strip, the agent must have misplaced the location of this gap. In the tension of the moment, this is understandable; furthermore, logic suggests a fairly simple explanation. This tragic action erupted so rapidly and unexpectedly that witnesses could easily have been confused about what they heard. There would be a normal lag in human reaction, a failure instantly to comprehend the meaning of those first two closely spaced shots, and the reports may well have blended in consciousness into the recollection of a single sound. Especially might this be true for Kellerman and Greer, seated in the front of the car and so a little more remote from the action; but, if the agents were right about those "simultaneous" final reports after their senses had been alerted, it can mean only that the shot that killed and another shot from another gun were fired almost together at this point.

All of this emphasizes the crucial importance of determining whether the commission's conclusion that the first shot wounded both the President and Governor Connally is tenable. The Zapruder film record and the testimony of Governor Connally and his wife say it is not. Furthermore, *not a single eyewitness* the commission heard saw the action in the way that the commission decided it had happened. *All, without exception,* were convinced that the President and Governor Connally were felled by two separate, wounding shots. S. M. Holland, veteran signal supervisor for the Union Terminal Railroad, was stationed on the overpass, looking directly down at the motorcade as it approached him. Holland gave a precise description of exactly what he saw. He described how the President was waving to the spectators, then "he went over like that [indicating], and put his hand up"—and a moment later the sound of a shot, "the first report I heard," reached him. ". . . the car traveled a few yards, and Governor Connally turned in this fashion, like that [indicating] with his hand out, and another report. . . ."

Mrs. Jean Lollis Hill was standing with her friend, Mary Moorman, who was to take a famous picture of the assassination with her Polaroid camera. Mrs. Hill was yelling to the President to get him to look toward them, and he had just started to turn his head in her direction when the first shot hit him. Then there was a second, and Governor Connally went down. Mrs. Hill, a schoolteacher, had heard before she testified that the commission was postulating the theory that one shot had struck both the President and the Governor; but she insisted, with respect to Governor Connally, "it wasn't the first shot. To me he wasn't hit when the first shot hit." Asked what shot she thought hit the Governor, she said, "the second."

What did the Warren Commission make of all this? To its partial credit, it seems to have been disturbed and perplexed. The reaction became clear during the questioning of FBI Agent Lyndal L. Shaneyfelt, who explained to the commission how his colleagues, with the aid of the Zapruder film, made a test-run reconstruction of the assassination. Shaneyfelt pointed out that Governor Connally, since he became visible at frame 222, in which he was already looking to his right as if he had just heard a shot, had been in camera range longer than the President. Yet throughout some twelve frames of this longer viewing time he continued to appear so natural that some of the commissioners had difficulty crediting he had already been shot. In Vol. 5, p. 155 of the commission testimony, one finds this passage:

> DULLES: But you would then have the problem you would think if Connally had been hit at the same time, would have reacted in the same way, and not reacted much later as these pictures show.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN J. MCCLOY (another commissioner): That is right.
DULLES: Because the wounds would have been inflicted.
MCCLOY: That is what puzzles me.
DULLES: That is what puzzles me.

It is not clear at just what point in its investigation the commission stopped puzzling and decided to embrace the hypothesis of the double wounding by the single bullet. But it did so; for otherwise it could not avoid a head-on collision with the inflexible Zapruder film sequence. This decision carried with it corollary decisions. It meant that two shots must have found their mark and done all the damage, and that one shot missed the Presidential car completely. It meant that, by adopting the fastest possible 2.3-second firing time as a standard, the commission could permit Oswald one miss, and still fit its one-assassin theory into the imperatives established by the Zapruder film.

This basic decision, by which the commission sought to reconcile the discrepancies, led it, however, into another maze. Since it now had one shot missing completely, which shot must it decide had missed? The commission ducked this vital point by not deciding, but it is obvious that only a first-shot miss could really reconcile the commission's theory with Governor Connally's explicit testimony that he had heard one shot before the second hit him. Only if the first shot had missed completely, only if it was the second shot (which Governor Connally did not hear and which everyone else would have had to mistake for the first shot) that struck the President and wounded the Governor—and even then only if Governor Connally could sit for the better part of a second without giving any indication that he had already suffered an almost mortal wound—only if all of these implausibilities can be accepted does the commission's theory even begin to make sense. But at precisely this juncture the natural geography of the site makes a first-shot miss seem highly unlikely.

Looking down from Oswald's perch, FBI agents discovered that a large oak reared up to block off the view of the Presidential motorcade as it drove down Elm Street. It was not until the motorcade reached the spot indicated by frame 210 on the Zapruder strip (the very point at which the action was hidden from Zapruder for 15 frames) that Oswald would have begun to have a clear and unimpeded target. Prior to that, there was just one fleeting instant in which the President's back would have become visible through a gap in the oak leaves. *If* Oswald had fired at the President through such a chancy aperture, *if* this shot had hit a twig or limb and ricocheted away, *then* conceivably the assassination *might* have happened the way the commission insisted on reconstructing it (provided always that one can ignore the actions of Governor Connally). But the commission itself was dubious of such a first-shot miss, however vital to its theory. It wrote that "it is unlikely that the assassin would deliberately have shot at him [the President] with a view obstructed by the oak tree when he was about to have a clear opportunity." And later it adds that "the greatest cause for doubt that the first shot missed is the improbability that the same marksman who twice hit a moving target would be so inaccurate on the first and closest of his shots as to miss completely, not only the target, but the large automobile."

At this point, the vulnerability of the commission's one-assassin theory begins to become apparent. Even so, it is surprising to discover that at least one key FBI witness specifically spelled out for the commission just how hypothetical and uncertain it was. The witness was Robert A. Frazier, the fastest marksman in the FBI and the expert who squinted through Oswald's Carcano telescopic sight in the reconstruction test run at Dallas. Frazier explained in meticulous detail how, based on the information given him by the commission, he had staged the re-enactment. He had carefully measured the angle of fire; he had had the action stopped at vital points indicated by the Zapruder film; and when his sights had lined up the marked bullet hole on the jacket of the President's stand-in, more measurements had been taken and a rod had been placed between the President's stand-in and the gubernatorial stand-in to show the perfection of the angle between the exit point on the President's neck and the entry point on the Governor's back. It is most persuasive testimony, if one can discount Governor Connally's explicit description, if one can discount the pictorial evidence of the Zapruder film, if one can discount all the other eyewitness testimony corroborating Connally. And *if* one stops reading at this point, without listening to Frazier as he scrupulously explains just how theoretical this entire reconstructed sequence is.

The revelation comes when Specter asks Frazier to express his professional opinion on the commission's one-bullet-multiple-wound theory.

"There are a lot of probables in that," Frazier testified. "First, we have to assume there is absolutely no deflection in the bullet from the time it left the barrel until the time it exited from the Governor's body. . . . I feel that physically this would have been possible. . . . However, I myself don't have any technical evidence which would permit me to say one way or the other, in other words, which would support it as far as my rendering an opinion as an expert. I would certainly say that it was possible, but I don't say that it probably occurred because I don't have the evidence on which to base a statement like that."

Frazier emphasized that "we are dealing with hypothetical situations here." He explained that he could never be certain that the actors in the re-enactment had been perfectly placed to duplicate the positions of the President and the Governor because films are "only two dimensional. They don't give you the third dimension." He had no way of knowing that there had been absolutely no deviation in the flight of the bullet; even a slight change of a few degrees would throw off all calculations—and he had seen "bullets strike small twigs, small objects, and ricochet for no apparent reason. . . ." He explained that "if the bullet entered the Governor's back and immediately took a 20-degree leftward angle, then the Governor could have been shot as he was facing straight forward in the automobile. Now, I can't tell that, and therefore I can only say that *my opinion must be based on your assumption* that there was not a deviation of the bullet through the President's body and no deviation of the bullet through the Governor's body, no deflection. On that basis then you can say that *it is possible* for both of them to have been hit with one bullet." *(Italics added.)*

And that was as far as Frazier would go. The commis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion itself had to take it the rest of the way—and it did, even though some of its members indicated that they had persistent doubts. Here is the paragraph of bizarre logic in which doubt is metamorphosed into positive conclusion:

> Although it is not necessary to any essential finding of the Commission to determine just which shot hit Governor Connally, there is persuasive evidence from the experts to indicate that the same bullet which pierced the President's throat also caused Governor Connally's wounds. However, Governor Connally's testimony and certain other factors have given rise to some difference of opinion as to this probability but there is no question in the mind of any member of the Commission that all the shots which caused the President's and Governor Connally's wounds were fired from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository.

There may have been no question in the mind of any member, but an array of other testimony, and certain implausibilities, suggest that there should have been.

There is no intention here to exculpate Lee Harvey Oswald. One of the unfortunate aspects of the post-assassination furor is the manner in which vital issues have been obscured by the shouts of some well-meaning partisans that Oswald was completely innocent. The Warren Commission proved one angle beyond reasonable doubt—Oswald was directly involved.

Consider just some of the major evidence which the commission developed to link Oswald to the crime: the Mannlicher-Carcano C2766 was mail-ordered from Klein's Sporting Goods Co., in Chicago on March 30, 1963, by one "A. Hidell"; on "A. Hidell's" instructions it was shipped to Post Office Box 2915 in Dallas, a box that from October 9, 1962, to May 14, 1963, was rented to "Lee H. Oswald"; and when Oswald was arrested after the murder of Patrolman J. D. Tippit, police found in his wallet, along with his own Selective Service card and a card showing his service in the Marines, a forged Selective Service card bearing the signature of "Alek J. Hidell"—and the picture of Lee Harvey Oswald. After the assassination, a palm print identified as Oswald's was lifted from the barrel of the rifle; Oswald's left index fingerprint and right palm print were found on the homemade paper bag used to carry the gun into the School Book Depository; and another palm print identified as his was found on the top of the carton on which the sniper had crouched behind the sixth-floor window. Ballistics tests established that the nearly whole bullet recovered from Governor Connally's stretcher was fired from Oswald's Carcano—and no other gun; that the two large bullet fragments found in the front of the Presidential limousine came from Oswald's Carcano—and no other gun. To contend in the face of all this—and much more besides—that Oswald was innocent is to endorse absurdity.

But, in all logic, it is just as hard to believe that Oswald acted alone. We have already seen how the commission's one-assassin theory collides with the film record and the other evidence concerning the wounding of Governor Connally; how the commission tried to reconcile the irreconcilable by developing its one-miss and one-shot-multiple-wound theory. Even this rationalization, however, presented the commission with some thorny problems and necessitated that it build Oswald into something he patently was not—one of the world's greatest marksmen.

For to find that Oswald alone turned the Presidential limousine into a scene of carnage, the commission had to decide that he had the capability to fire three shots in five and a half seconds, two of them at least with unerring accuracy. The commission's judgment that this performance was well within the range of Oswald's capabilities was based primarily upon his record in the Marines.

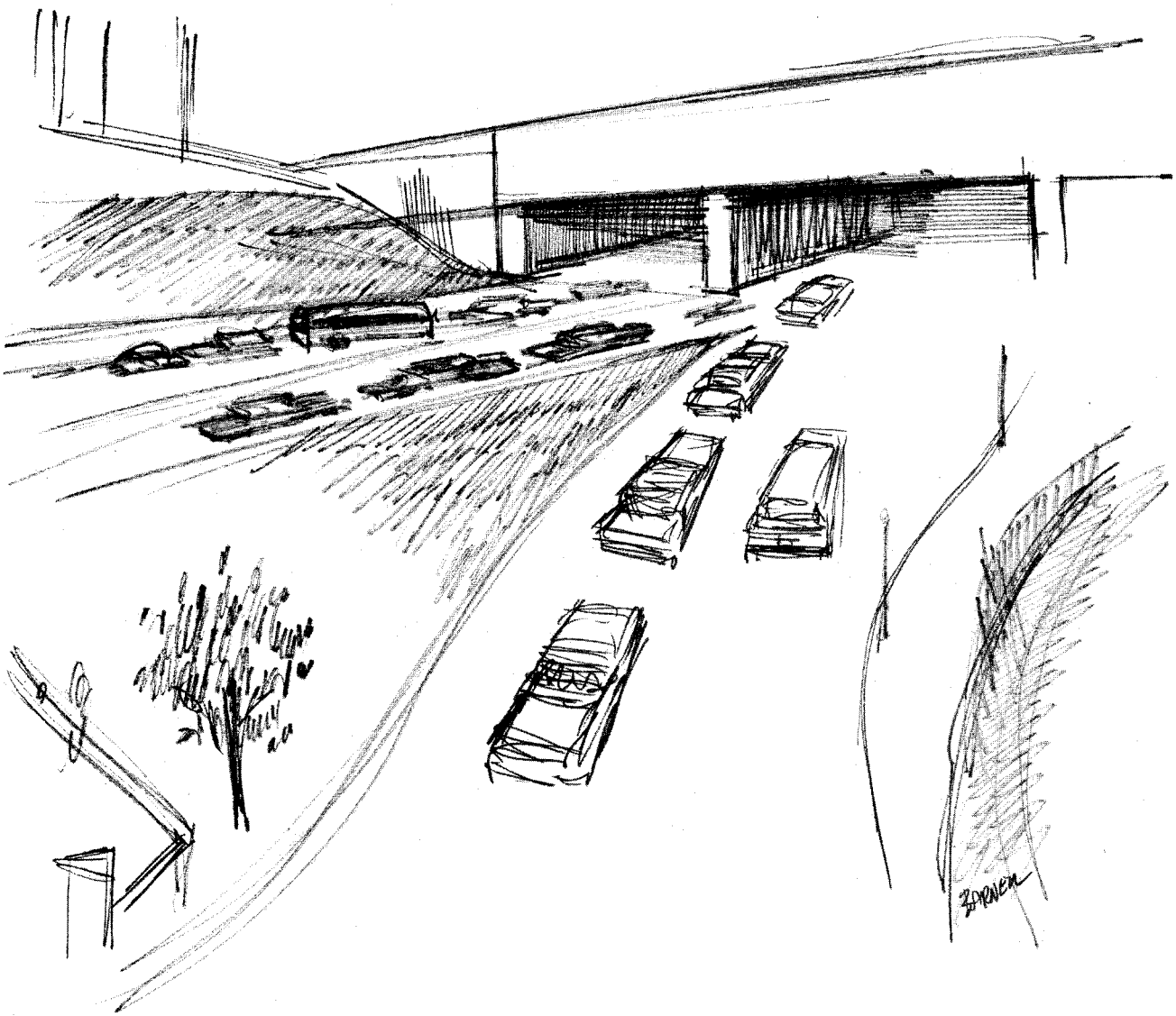
As a Marine recruit, Oswald had received intensive training in all forms of small-arms fire. Twice he was tested and rated on a rifle range. In the first test, December, 1956, he scored 212, two points above the minimum qualification of sharpshooter on a scale that ranges upward from marksman to sharpshooter to expert. Oswald was obviously a good shot at this point in his career, but he was still not one of the world's best. In May, 1959, in his second test, Oswald scored 191—just one point above the minimum for marksman, the lowest designation on the efficiency scale. It would appear that he had not improved, but had retrogressed. His "lowest of low marksman's" rating indicated he was "a rather poor shot," according to the testimony of Lt. Col. A. G. Folsom, Jr., head of the records branch of the U.S. Marine Corps.

One of the most striking features of the commission's final report is the legerdemain by which this "rather poor shot" is converted into a superb marksman. The transformation was performed with the assistance of Major Eugene D. Anderson, Marine Corps marksmanship expert. Major Anderson explained that when Oswald shot 212, "he had just completed a very intensive preliminary training period. He had the services of an experienced, highly trained coach." On the second test, the Major said, there was "little probability" that Oswald had such an expert coach and "he probably didn't have as high a motivation because he was no longer in recruit training and under the care of a drill instructor." His weapon also might not have been in as good condition. Considering all these factors, said the Major, "I would say that as compared to other Marines receiving the same type of training, that Oswald was a good shot, somewhat better than or equal to—better than the average let us say. As compared to a civilian who had not received this intensive training, he would be considered a good to excellent shot." In other words, if you compared Oswald with a civilian who had never been trained to shoot, Oswald would look pretty good—and so, the commission implied, the "rather poor shot" was really an "excellent" one.

Aside from the weakness of this reasoning, there is another significant point in this aspect of the testimony. Major Anderson emphasized the importance of intensive drill, of constant training. Marksmanship, like any other precise skill, calls for regular and constant practice, and Major Anderson evidently attributed the fall-off in Oswald's score on the second test to just such a lack of drill. But if that is true, then Oswald on the day of the assassination must have been a much poorer marksman than he was when he left the Marine Corps.

There is no evidence—and the commission conceded as much—that Oswald had been on a firing range for months prior to the day of the assassination. Rumors that he had taken target practice and had exhibited fabulous dexterity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



were checked out thoroughly by the commission and dismissed. The commission concluded that witnesses evidently had confused another rifleman with Oswald. Marina Oswald could remember only one occasion, months earlier, when Oswald had taken the rifle and told her he was going to practice with it. Both her testimony and that of the Paine family, with whom she stayed in Irving, Tex., indicated that the rifle, wrapped in a blanket, had been kicking around the Paine garage from the time the Oswalds returned from New Orleans in September until the morning of the assassination. Logic says that under such circumstances the "rather poor shot" of 1959 should have become an even poorer shot by 1963.

Yet Oswald, as anyone who has talked to hunters or expert marksmen knows, would have had to be little short of fantastic to achieve the feat attributed to him in Dallas. The incredulity of the experts, literally international in its scope, arises on two scores: the idiosyncracies of the Carcano, and the speed and accuracy with which Oswald would have had to operate what is really a cranky gun. My own notes are punctuated with the remarks of experts who look upon the Carcano with skepticism, if not contempt. At the New York Sportsman's Show in 1964, one marksman snorted, "Impossible!" in discussing Oswald's supposed feat with the Carcano. "It can't be done," he said. "Did you ever try to fire a Carcano fast? The bolt action isn't anything like the bolt action on a Springfield, for instance. You don't just pull it straight back and slam it forward. It's got a twist to it; you have to squirrel it." Another expert commented on the impossibility of firing a Carcano at lightning speed unless a special valve-grinding compound had been used to smooth out the contrary bolt action. The Carcano, he explained, has what is called "a sticky bore," and the squirreling action as the bolt is slammed home helps to throw the gun off target more than would be the case with smooth-action rifles like the Springfield or the Mauser. "Oswald would have been better off with a Sears Roebuck rifle or a second-hand gun picked up from a pawnbroker," this expert declared.

The Warren Commission gave no emphasis in its report to this additional difficulty standing in the way of its theory, but its record shows that the point was detailed in testimony. The idiosyncracies of the Carcano were explained by Ronald Simmons, chief of the Infantry Weapons Evaluation Branch of the Army's Ballistics Research Laboratory and the expert who supervised some of the tests conducted with Oswald's gun. Simmons described a series of tests fired by three riflemen rated Masters by the National Rifle Associa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion—a ranking that means they had all shot in national rifle championship competition. All of these sharpshooters practiced for some minutes with the bolt of Oswald's Carcano before they actually began firing; still, they had trouble with it. They commented, Simmons said, about "the amount of effort required to open the bolt. As a matter of fact, Mr. Staley [one of the experts] had difficulty in opening the bolt in his first firing exercise. He thought it was completely up and it was not, and he had to retrace his steps as he attempted to open the bolt after the first round.

"There was also a comment made about the trigger pull, which is different as far as these firers are concerned. It is in effect a two-stage operation where the first—in the first stage the trigger is relatively free, and it suddenly required a greater pull to actually fire the weapon."

Simmons pointed out: "In our experiments, the pressure to open the bolt was so great that we tended to move the rifle off the target. . . ."

He thought that this "might not have occurred" if the marksmen had had "greater proficiency" (more practice) with Oswald's Carcano, but obviously "considerable" experience with the weapon would be required for any kind of fast and accurate firing.

One other serious flaw in Oswald's assassination equipment should be noted. The telescopic sight mounted on the rifle by Klein's when Oswald purchased the gun was a cheap one of Japanese make—and defective. Frazier, the FBI gun expert, testified that, with the scope, the rifle consistently threw shots high and to the right; at 100 yards, this resulted in shots flying as much as 5 inches high and 5 inches to the right. Frazier said there was apparently some defect in the scope which could not be readily corrected, but he pointed out that a marksman who had used the gun, knowing this flaw, could compensate for it in lining up the cross hairs on the target. It would seem, however, that this additional computation, plus the necessity to "lead" a moving target, could not have been conducive to the rapid and extremely accurate fire attributed to Oswald.

Other witnesses pointed out to the commission that even expensive telescopic sights tend to get jarred out of proper alignment and that good hunters always practice with their guns and adjust the sights before going out for deer. These witnesses testifield it was inconceivable that Oswald's cheap Japanese sight, jolting around in the back of a station wagon all the way from New Orleans to Dallas and later being moved from place to place in the Paine garage, would not have developed wayward tendencies of which Oswald himself could not have been aware without test-firing the gun. He apparently never did so.

Yet the commission record turns this defect, which would make accurate sighting impossible, into an aid to accuracy. The tendency of the rifle to shoot high, Frazier explained, would virtually eliminate the necessity to "lead" the target, and the quirk that resulted in the rifle's throwing shots to the right might also have been an advantage, because the curve of Elm Street would help to bring the target into line. Of course, all such fancy theories depend upon the supposition that Oswald was such an ignorant marksman he would not attempt to lead his target or compensate for the Elm Street curve; for, if he had tried to make such routine allowances, without having previously test-fired the rifle, he would have insured a set of misses. In any event, it becomes apparent from such considerations just what a chancy business this one-assassin theory is, and the chanciness is emphasized still more when one studies what happened to real master marksmen who tried to duplicate Oswald's supposed performance.

Frazier testified first about a series of tests fired by himself and two other FBI agents. Parenthetically, anyone who has seen FBI gun experts shoot on an FBI range could hardly fail to be impressed by their speed and accuracy. Bearing this in mind, it is instructive to see what happened when Frazier, Charles Killion and Cortlandt Cunningham tried to duplicate the fast firing attributed to Oswald. In a test on November 27, 1963, five days after the assassination, Killion got off three shots in *nine seconds*; Cunningham required *seven*; Frazier, *six*.

Even these slower firing times do not tell the entire story. Frazier explained that they were not firing under circumstances at all comparable to Oswald's; they were simply aiming at silhouette targets at a range of 15 yards in a test designed to show primarily how fast the Carcano could be operated.

The results must have been jolting, for Frazier, whose time was the fastest, fired two more series of three shots each. The range this time was 25 yards; the purpose, again, to show "how fast the weapon could be fired," with only secondary attention to accuracy. Under these circumstances, which obviously provided no valid comparison, Frazier got off his first round of three shots in 4.8 seconds; his second round in 4.6 seconds.

Still a third test was performed at 100 yards on the Quantico firing range, with the attention given this time to both accuracy and speed. Parenthetically, it should perhaps be noted that, for exceptionally fast firing, rifle experts prefer the iron sight to the telescopic sight. They explain that the recoil of the rifle sets up vibrations in the cross hairs of the telescopic sight, making it more difficult to line up the target quickly for the next shot. This difficulty, not emphasized by the commission in its report, possibly accounts for the slower firing times registered by the FBI agents on the Quantico range. Again each agent fired a round of three shots. The firing times: 5.9 seconds, 6.2 seconds, 5.6 seconds.

But this was not the end of the complications. Frazier was asked what would have happened if he had been firing at a moving target, and he replied: *"It would have slowed down the shooting.* It would have lengthened the time to the extent of allowing the cross hairs to pass over the moving target." Could he estimate how much additional time this might have taken? *"Approximately one second,"* he replied. With "considerable practice" with the weapon, something there is no indication Oswald had, Frazier thought his firing times might have been reduced—but *"4.6 seconds is firing this weapon as fast as the bolt can be operated, I think."* This fastest, bolt-action-only time (a statistic that does not reflect accuracy or the necessity to adjust to a moving target) thus became the commission's standard in deciding that Oswald could readily have performed the deed attributed to him.

When one turns to the series of tests run under the super-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vision of Simmons, the Army ballistics expert, the results are no more persuasive. Simmons' three Master marksmen from the National Rifle Association fired at silhouette targets placed at 175, 240 and 265 feet—the approximated distances at which the commission had deduced the shots might have been fired. Again, it must be emphasized that Simmons' marksmen were firing at *still* targets; they did not have to adjust for speed and so use up that precious extra second that Frazier had estimated would be required. The results:

First expert: 8.25 seconds on his first three-shot series; 7 seconds on the second.

Second expert: 6.75 seconds and 6.45 seconds.

Third expert: 4.6 seconds and 5.15 seconds.

Only one of the three championship marksmen—and he only on one round and firing at still targets—had matched the firing time attributed to Oswald. And even these sharpshooters, with still targets, had trouble matching Oswald's supposed accuracy with the moving car. All three NRA men hit the first and closest target perfectly. But when they shifted to the second target, their first four shots missed completely. The angle of adjustment was less for the third shot, but still one of the bullets fired in the standard test with the telescopic sight (one marksman fired an extra round with an iron sight) flew wide of the mark.

From this test, it would seem, as the commission itself virtually concluded, that Oswald's first shot would have found his mark and that, if he missed, he would have missed most probably with his second shot. His third shot then, coming at Zapruder frame 313, would have been the last shot, and the entire action would have been compressed into 100 frames (even less if one concludes the President was first wounded around frame 220) and into 5.5 seconds of time. *On this basis, Oswald would have accomplished something beyond the capacity of the fastest trigger fingers the commission could find.* None of them fired at a moving target; none of them had to take that extra second Frazier had estimated would be necessary. And still they could not match Oswald's supposed feat. In all, according to the commission's own records, fourteen rounds of three shots each were fired; in only two of these rounds (and one of these was designed to test bolt-action speed only) did the fastest trigger fingers approximate the time attributed to Oswald. In the other twelve, they failed—and in most, they were not even close!

Yet the commission decided that Oswald placed the cross hairs of his telescopic sight on target and squeezed off shots of unerring accuracy. The investigation in Dallas had left the commission with just one suspect, Lee Harvey Oswald. And the commission, it would seem, lacking other evidence, decided that Oswald and his capabilities *had* to fit the case, ignoring the alternate conclusion that, if they simply would not fit, there *had* to be another explanation.

If Oswald were not alone, if he acted in concert with a confederate, more than three shots must have been fired (since the discharged shells would indicate Oswald himself fired three)—and so a second sniper must have been firing at the President at the same time from a different vantage point. Is there any evidence of this? The answer is: Yes.

(To be continued in The Nation, *June 20)*

LETTERS *(continued from page 698)*

institutions who have supported our activities to confirm the nongovernmental character of their support.

Finally, in a letter published by *The New York Times* on May 9, signed by J. K. Galbraith, George Kennan, J. Robert Oppenheimer and Arthur M. Schlesinger . . . it is stated that "an examination of the records of the Congress, its magazines, and its other activities will, we believe, convince the most sceptical that the Congress has had no loyalty except an unswerving commitment to cultural freedom. . . ."

Denis de Rougemont
Chairman, Executive Committee
Nicolas Nabokov, Secretary-General

baby bonus

Estes Park, Colo.

DEAR SIRS: Robert Theobald's article, "Should Men Compete with Machines?" [*The Nation,* May 9] contains a specific suggestion for the implementation of a negative income tax—$1,000 for each adult and $600 for each child. Such a plan would accentuate the problem of overpropagation within the lowest income groups, the same groups that should be most benefited by the idea. It would seem rather silly to invest in birth control clinics, then pay the indigent to make kids (as we are doing at the present time). I would prefer to see a family minimum income that would be sufficient for two or three people but would not increase as the family grows.

William S. Devick

uneasy border

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Gail D. Stark's "Cambodia Beset" [*The Nation,* Apr. 18] presents a rather lopsided picture of historical relationship between Cambodia and her neighbors. . . .

The Thai Government and its responsible authorities have repeatedly made statements, both public and private, to the effect that Thailand has no aggressive designs on Cambodia and we are fully prepared to respect Cambodia's neutrality, provided that it is genuine and does not serve as a bridgehead for further Communist encroachment into Southeast Asia.

Events in the last several years, however, prove to the contrary. . . . C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* wrote on May 1, as follows:

> . . . Cambodia is indeed a sanctuary and supply source for the Vietcong *on such a scale* that the Phnom Pen Government must know of it.

Sulzberger then wrote about "an impressive build-up of Vietcong and North Vietnamese troops" on the Cambodian side. An intelligence officer, said Sulzberger, wryly comments: "The V. C. is using Cambodia all over the place." Indeed, an extension of the Ho Chi Minh Trail inside Cambodia has now become known as the "Sihanouk Trail. . . ."

Not only is Cambodia willing to be used as a tool for Communist expansionist forces but has also chosen to sustain a systematic campaign of provocative actions against Thailand in the border area. Cambodian soldiers have been firing daily their rifles, machine guns and mortars into Thai territory and at Thai citizens across the border. Ray Cromley in his column of Apr. 14, in the New York *World-Telegram* told us that Sihanouk even had the audacity to say, "we have also sent men to lay mines on the other side [within Thailand] and have succeeded in making them jump like grasshoppers. . . ."

Anand Panyarachun, Chargé d'Affaires
Thailand Mission to the UN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Doris Lessing: Child of Violence

CHILDREN OF VIOLENCE. Vol. III: A Ripple from the Storm. Vol. IV: Landlocked. *By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. 544 pp. $6.95.*

FLORENCE HOWE
Miss Howe is a professor of English at Goucher College. She will be on leave next year, living and writing in Chicago.

Doris Lessing is now four-fifths through a bulky, complex series of autobiographical novels called *Children of Violence.* The recent publication of volumes three and four in a single volume brings American readers up to date. Volumes one, two and three first appeared in the fifties, before *The Golden Notebook;* volume four, just last year in England. The series' importance has to do not only with Mrs. Lessing's reputation as author of *The Golden Notebook;* for she is trying to do something even more ambitious here. She is writing *bildungsroman* and at the same time, especially in these two recent volumes, she is producing good political fiction. Her themes are major: the politics of race and war; more particularly, the failure of Rhodesian left-wing politics in the forties; the West's changing attitude toward the Soviet Union; the shift from the Second World War to the cold war; world-wide revolutionary struggle against the West and capitalism; the problem of violence.

The series chronicles the life of Martha Quest-Hesse, an English girl born in Southern Rhodesia (called Zambesia in the novels) immediately after the First World War, and hence, 20 years old as the Second World War begins. Hers is the white generation who declared Rhodesian "independence" last November. And though Mrs. Lessing, in the four novels already published, takes us only to Martha's 30th year, hers is the generation whose children are now of combat age. The pattern suggested by the series' title is clear enough: Martha's story is a record of growth and change in a century of unchanging war. Martha's general problems are ones we all share: how to understand ourselves in relation to the complex, violent world we live in; how to live useful, if not happy, lives; how to love and how to *be.* Martha's particular problem in volumes three and four of the series is how to be political: how to change, how to effect change.

Political themes dominate the third and fourth volumes as sexual and existential ones did the first and second. If I found volumes one and two relatively unprepossessing (*The Nation,* January 11, 1965), it was largely that *The Golden Notebook* dazzles on similar thematic material: free women, love, sex, marriage. The naive, young Martha Quest, moreover, pales beside the alternately wise and jaded-neurotic heroine-novelist named Anna Wulf. And I suspect that the relatively colorless Martha is to blame for bored or irritated reviews of *Children of Violence.* Though I often find Martha rather uninteresting—at least through volume three, I would maintain that the novels demand her, that her slow rate of growth and change is particularly essential to Doris Lessing's purpose.

For Mrs. Lessing is trying something here that she does not do in *The Golden Notebook.* There she writes the inner history of a woman who has already lived through two decades of the politics of race and war in Rhodesia and in England. The subject is the torment inside Anna Wulf's head and heart. In fact, one way of putting it is to say that Mrs. Lessing is writing—in *Children of Violence*—what the novelist Anna Wulf cannot. In *The Golden Notebook,* Anna says of her Rhodesian days, "I don't think I really saw people then, except as appendages to my needs." Anna's consciousness so dominates that novel, moreover, that the male characters are not significantly distinguishable from one another, even as the female characters are all Anna.

A Ripple from the Storm and *Landlocked* are another matter. The subject is the history of a decade, the Rhodesian scene itself in the foreground, with a world at war or revolution in the background. The scene includes a wide variety of characters, only one of whom is Martha Quest. *Ripple* charts the first two years of Martha's political education, *Landlocked* the next five. *Ripple* begins in 1942, several months after the conclusion of the second volume, when Martha, in her early 20s, had left her husband and young daughter to join a small Communist group. Though she has been living in an African urban environment for five years, only with her assumption of political activities does she really begin to see it. As Martha cycles from her typing job to the colored quarter, then to visit her sick father, then to meetings, we learn the geography of the town that so clearly reflects the condition of its inhabitants. White suburbs ranging from luxurious to modest circle the town area proper on one side. The town area itself descends to squalor on the other side and then to living areas (Lower Town) for Indians and Jews who serve as a border group between the white minority and the black majority. The blacks live their own apartheid lives: first in the colored quarter, then in the enclosed Native Location for the "pure" African. The British air base, built outside the town, between the Native Location and the white suburbs, becomes increasingly important to the series. Its presence is, of course, a constant reminder of the war in Europe and Asia. But history also provides irony for the novels' racial theme. The Second World War, presumably being fought against Hitler's racism, brings British airmen for training to a racist British colony.

It is several airmen and a German refugee who begin in earnest the Communist group that Martha joins. And in the two years of *Ripple,* the group grows and diminishes, joins forces with the liberal Left, then disintegrates when that Left splits irrevocably. The novel consists almost wholly of the sort of material that typically resists novel-making: eleven political meetings in sixteen chapters! Mrs. Lessing's skill with this intractable material can only be admired. The political meetings vary from intimate ones among the original five or six Communists to large, public ones that the Communists attend. The party members themselves range from the warm-hearted Greek, Athen, who says, "We must try and live like socialists who care for each other and for people, even while we are hurt all the time by capitalism which is cruel"; to the stony Stalinist who would have the group meet nightly for study sessions; to the pragmatist who wants his evenings free for organizing labor. We see the group quarreling about party discipline, about "running half a dozen of the town's most lively and demanding organizations," many of which have to do with cultural or financial support for the war-time Soviet Union. We see a drunken group member make a disruptive speech at a large, public meeting. We see a tense Communist group trying to hold to the rule book's demand for frank self-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criticism. We smile with the group when a dogmatic chairman repeats endlessly and solemnly that "we have neglected our theory," that we must "analyze the situation" again.

Where is Martha in all this? Between meetings she works as a typist, she scurries to round up members for meetings, or she distributes the *Watchdog,* the group's paper, to the colored quarter (the Location is off-limits) and to Lower Town. As a group member, she is a willing and energetic, totally committed political activist. Feeling useful, feeling part of some motion, being in motion—all this carries her along. Mrs. Lessing doesn't rush things: Martha is there, absorbing the scene, the talk, sometimes contributing, but most typically concluding to herself, "I don't know anything about anything yet. I must try to keep myself free and open, and try to think more, try not to drift into things."

What sustains her? Apart from the activity itself, the friendships, the "communal tenderness" within the group. But her personal life is highly unsatisfactory. There are the ever present family problems: she must avoid her husband and daughter; she must visit her complaining, pathetically cruel mother and her invalid father. She has one love affair that she terminates with relief when the airman is sent off to the war. She tells herself that she longs "for a close complete intimacy with a man," but she allows herself to "drift" into a relationship with Anton Hesse, the fatherly Stalinist theoretician of the group, with whom she is intellectually and emotionally and physically incompatible. Even as she plans finally to break with Anton, she agrees to marry him when it seems as though he would be deported otherwise. With grim determination, she goes through with the "wedding"—sandwiched between two political meetings. In spite of her activity, in spite of her generosity, inside she is frozen, emotionally cold or at least untouched.

But, still, what sustains her? What perpetuates the motion and the sense of usefulness? What abnegates her personal failures? I suspect that what sustains Martha is also precisely what holds my interest throughout *Ripple.* The political activity she enjoys is built on the assumption of one essential goal: the abolition of race prejudice. It is not farfetched to assume that her sympathy for the enslaved African is related to her own feelings of uselessness, though she herself is hardly capable of this kind of analysis. She joined the Communist group because she believed that with them she could work for effective social change—right there in Africa. If it is Martha's illusion, it is also the compelling material of most of the novel.

Thus, a temporary coalition between the potentially viable liberal Left and the Communists (who could be counted on re "racial questions") moves the novel toward a climactic meeting in the Location, among Africans. Here, for a moment, there is an emotional climate pitched deeply enough to enmesh a large group of Africans and several Europeans in hope and trust. An African: "Now at last we know that there are some Europeans whose hearts are turned in kindness towards us, now we know that we have friends. . . ." As the three white liberals are swept into the emotional vortex of the Africans who declare themselves an "official" African Branch of the Labour or Social Democratic Party, Martha and her Communist friends at the back of the hall are also "caught up in the hunger for unity and brotherhood that beat through the hall like drums." They feel "that at last they were coming somewhere near the source of their need for service." But at the end, Martha and her friend Jasmine Cohen find themselves depressed by the scene: "All we are is a bunch of dogooders uplifting the poor." Jasmine adds: "I was hating those men [Africans] for being so damned grateful, and I could feel myself becoming more and more condescending and pleased with myself inside. . . ." The liberals are not bothered by the paternalism, but they, of course, must face the political realities of a white population who now regard them as *Kaffir lovers* (the African version of "nigger lovers") and hence, Communists.

The final third of *Ripple* is taken up with the attempt to begin African political change through the establishment of a token African Branch. And the failure even of the token proves a prophecy of the further impasse to come. For the final result is the split of the politically viable Left into an all-white Labour Party and a remnant of Social Democrats who eventually (in *Landlocked*) lose what little political power they have had. *Ripple* ends with Martha's double vision of futility—personal and political. She knows now how little the two years have achieved politically for the Africans. And she says of herself, "The fact is, I'm not a person at all, I'm nothing yet—perhaps I never will be."

At the end of *Ripple,* Martha has not learned how to be nor how to be political. For two years, she had submerged her individual self to the collective identity of the Communist group. Now she retreats from political activity, presumably to wait out the end of the war so that she may divorce Anton and leave Africa. She stays put, "landlocked," feeling dry and barren, longing for sea and cold air and spray. She feels ill, splintered, fragmented. She thinks of herself as trying to hold together a series of separate rooms in a house that has no center. She sees people constantly, but one at a time—the group is now a number of friends who need her attention.

Volume four, *Landlocked,* is very different from volume three. If it is less sharply focused, if it is more diffuse in structure and theme, its richness and complexities are ample compensations. The novel covers twice as many years—from 1944 to 1949—and without the sense of close historical continuity that *Ripple* provides. We hit high spots in the history of those years, V-E Day, for example. At times, other political themes—the illusion that the Second World War really ends, for one—are more intrusive than the ever present racial theme. But chiefly the difference has to do with Martha herself. One can only speculate about the relationship between this novel and *The Golden Notebook* that preceded it. But certainly, since Martha in these five years takes time to think, she is here more interestingly introspective than ever before.

In a brilliant scene at the beginning of *Landlocked,* Martha is about to refuse her boss' offer of his secretary's job. The lawyer, an ordinary, apolitical, white British colonist, bumps his head against a desk drawer, at least in part because he doesn't understand Martha and her presence makes him feel awkward. Martha braces herself against responding humanly to his pain, assuming that if she were to respond, the ensuing rapport between them would prevent her from refusing the job offer. She would then be seduced into the master-slave relationship that she is anxious to avoid. Instead, therefore, she looks out of the window at a black man cutting grass in the sun. She concentrates on the sun and the black man. And the lawyer thinks of her as inhuman and is glad that she has said no. Which she is, of course, in the sense that troubled people are. Or, put more complexly, Martha must respond "inhumanly" against her own instincts if she wishes to protect her independence. At least, that is, until she has her independence.

As Martha withdraws within herself, so do political Africans. She hears of people "in contact with some contacts in the Coloured Quarter," but she doesn't get to know who they are. She hears about a mysterious new African leader, "called Mr. Zlentli," who has "nothing to do with the white sympathizers." And she even gets invited to meet him, or at least she thinks it is he, though he never says a word through the "meeting." Increasingly, the atmosphere is one of black

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chauvinism and of white ineffectuality. The best intentions again prove inadequate to the political realities. Token political participation has failed. Real integration was never even a possibility. Political education for revolution is something that well-meaning white liberals cannot face. We see the Africans finally engaged in a national strike of railroad workers—a strike called by *"invisible* strike leaders." And though the strike accomplishes nothing directly, it does serve to educate at one stroke all of the black population—removed by hysterical whites to the Location.

As the Africans begin to cultivate their own garden in this novel, so does Martha. The central event in her life is a brief lull in the series of personal wars with family, husbands, lovers. For she experiences an intense physical-spiritual love relationship with Thomas Stern, a Polish Jew stationed at the air base. And in the "authority" of her body's health, for some time she feels whole. The house of many rooms becomes one room. And though their liaison is temporary, its humanizing effect is deep and lasting. But even here, Mrs. Lessing's problem—the colorless Martha—prevails, for I find myself more interested in Thomas than in her.

Thomas' anger against the British imperial character (they "couldn't be bothered" about people they considered subhuman) or against the "South African style" of "murder" ("these people are capable of killing off an entire population out of stupidity . . .") cannot be contained. Love is not enough. Politics are not enough. Thomas sets out deliberately to release his anger: he goes off to Israel to kill Britishers. He returns several months later a strange man, both sick and strong, a tortured and isolated person, who goes to live and then die (of blackwater disease) among an African tribe.

And where, again, is Martha? Waiting. First for Thomas' return, then for his death and her father's. Then for her divorce from Anton. As a fictional character, she has begun to sense the connection between her state and the world's. She has been called "unstable." She has worried about her knowing nothing, being nothing. She has felt increasingly powerless as she has lost contact with Africans. She remembers Athen's advice —a possible motto for the entire series of novels. He is thinking of the 40 million dead after the Second World War, of the 2 million displaced in Europe alone: "You must think about it, you must think. We do not think enough about what these things mean." But she feels particularly keenly the emptiness of knowledge without power. She senses the increasing polarization in Rhodesia and leaves, an exile.

Doris Lessing is trying to do something extremely ambitious. Her success is debatable. But the canvas large enough to contain world events and small enough to measure the growth of a human being is one that only the very greatest novelists have tried. Martha's half-conscious identification of her own lot with the Africans', as she struggles against the tyranny of paternalistic personal relations, is a motif that lights the novel. Her personal wars are refractions of that other, greater war. And if she is slow to learn how to manage her wars, who is quick? For the final, hard question is still to be answered, is hardly askable: how can "children of violence"—Thomas, Martha, the Africans and others—even those who know that violence solves nothing but who were spawned by it—"twisted and warped" by violence—how do they get themselves out of the deadly squirrel's cage?

De Beauvoir: At the Deathbed

A VERY EASY DEATH. *By Simone de Beauvoir. G. B. Putnam's Sons. 106 pp. $3.95.*

MURIEL HAYNES
Miss Haynes has written reviews and critical essays which have appeared in The Massachusetts Review, Studies on the Left *and the English publications,* Views *and* Tribune.

Sartre is a sad atheist, it has been remarked. Can we not now conclude that Simone de Beauvoir is a sad *emancipée*? In the preface to *The Prime of Life,* the second volume of her autobiographical trilogy, she admitted a restlessness that stemmed from disenchantment. "Freedom I had—but freedom to do what?" she asked. The question defines the limitations of the inquirer. By the end of her third volume, *Force of Circumstance,* the disenchantment has hardened into despair. The prize has eluded her. She has exerted her intelligence to make the correct choices. She has labored in the service of reason and light, yet the world remains unchanged by her existence. She confesses ennui, her zest for living has diminished. She looks in her mirror and, like any aging housewife, is pained by the signs of physical decay, and she mourns the passing of her sensual life. "It is strange not to be a body any more."

One has always had the uncomfortable feeling that Mme. de Beauvoir has bitten off more than she could chew. Beneath the professions of candor, the celebrated "honesty," has lurked the hint of that insecurity which is more often than not the underside of ambition. The walls of her intellectual house have been papered with earnest mottoes from the beginning: first, Freedom, Experience, Literature; later, she added History, Commitment. A credulous trust in these watchwords fortified her against failure. Optimistic and spurred by moral idealism, she convinced herself early that life would respond to her will so long as her will applied itself to worthy enterprises. When she rips the slogans away, the gesture mingles disillusion with petulance. Regretfully we ask ourselves: what was all the fuss about? The self-proclaimed man-woman stands bereft as any superannuated mother, her cherished purposes, like so many ungrateful children, fled from her embrace. Her voice is plaintive. At 55, no age, if one is to believe the actuarians, at which to throw in the towel, she sees herself as no more than an agglomeration of emotions felt and scenes observed. There is nothing left to grapple with but the certainty of annihilation. "Death is no longer a brutal event in the far distance; it haunts my sleep."

Her new book may be classified as an autobiographical addendum and it is not surprising to find her posted at a deathbed. Her mother's, to be sure, although there is an inescapable impression of rehearsal for her own end. She tells the story with characteristic respect for chronology and factual detail. It is clearly a transcription of accurate notes. The narrative begins: "At four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, 24 October, 1963, I was in Rome, in my room at the Hotel Minerva; I was to fly home the next day and I was putting my papers away when the telephone rang. It was Bost, calling me from Paris." We are immediately in a country which is familiar to us.

Her mother's illness mercifully lasted but thirty days and occurred within a single locale, the nursing home to which she was confined. To these circumstances, it is fair to say, rather than to conscious compression is owed the admirable brevity and economy of *A Very Easy Death.* The prolixity and carelessly written patches of gossip, the trivial comings and goings, which diffuse the interest of her earlier books are here replaced by a taut structure. Clinical manifestations, the alternating rallies and declines as Françoise de Beauvoir is destroyed by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cancer, generate in us pity and terror. The book achieves true catharsis.

The watchers, Simone and her sister, Poupette, ponder their complicity as they grieve; the victim endures, her innocence transcends the humiliations of her flesh. As might be expected, Simone de Beauvoir resists tenderness, but her control and lucidity reproduce with considerable power the tension between the outer world to which the onlookers are bound and the alien circumscribed region wherein the sufferer's spirit is gradually robbed of artifice.

Until now, Françoise de Beauvoir has been a carefully edited figure in the author's life. In *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* she was a character viewed from a single perspective; an element, rather than a full human being, in the rationalized construct by which her daughter molded the story of her childhood to the shape demanded by her adult consciousness. At first, a gay, beautiful and unpredictable young woman to whom the small child responded with worship and a passionate desire to please; later, a rival for her father's affection and approval; finally, a tiresome, repressive symbol of the respectability and simple religious faith by which the women of her time and class denied their manifest enslavement. We learn in *The Prime of Life* that Simone de Beauvoir remained on good terms with her family after she quit their roof. However, neither in that book nor its successor did she reveal the quality of her relationship with her parents. Her mother was given no speaking part—even at the time of her husband's death years before, which we now discover caused her great anguish.

These omissions are explained in *A Very Easy Death:* "Since the time I left home, I had felt little in the way of emotional impulse toward her . . . generally speaking, I thought of her with no particular feeling." Yet by the act of dying, her mother is restored to life, a spirited, complex being, albeit the portrait is drawn with an unintentional touch of patronage, testimony to a rivalry never quite settled between them. In one of the ironies by which the human spirit redeems its perversity and weakness in its ultimate extremity, Françoise de Beauvoir wrests the stage at last from her daughter.

Of the very large cast who troop through her works, only Sartre, and Zaza, the early friend who died in girlhood, have comparable vitality. There is a further irony: the mother who was awed by her daughter's intellectual accomplishments, even as she disapproved her conduct, provides her with the most genuinely personal and moving chapter of her memoirs.

Thus, in one sense, is the debt discharged. Mme. de Beauvoir sees her scrupulous vigil in another light: "With regard to Maman, we were above all guilty, these last years, of carelessness, omission and abstention. We felt that we atoned for this by the days we gave up to her, by the peace our being there gave her, and by the victories gained over fear and pain. Without our obstinate watchfulness she would have suffered far more." The balancing of the scales is a bit too neat: so much remorse against so much fulfilled obligation.

Throughout her lifetime Simone de Beauvoir has been dogged by the specter of self as nothing, an anxiety not to be confused with existential dread, the sense of universal nothingness. The freezing shudder at her first awareness of certain mortality, recorded in *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* has never left her. In the pages of *The Prime of Life* she described the mental crises induced by her horror of death, her dreams, and her attempts to exorcise her fear by externalizing it through the written word. It seems that Mme. de Beauvoir has been unable to imagine that there is more to life than the attainment of a deserved happiness, a successful voyage by a voracious ego. A measure of deeper truth,

See what ISAAC ASIMOV says about the most unusual book published this year

"I have rarely read any book with such a wealth of ideas, so refreshing a viewpoint, so hopeful an outlook upon the future, and so bright and clear an estimate of the importance of the interconnection of science and society."

BUCKMINSTER FULLER comments . . .

"Prof. J. R. Platt has one of the comprehensively operating minds rare in this era of specialization. . . . Only such minds as Dr. Platt's can apprehend events in such manner as to disclose the synergetic significance of human ecology in total evolution."

THE STEP TO MAN

By John Rader Platt. $5.95 from your bookseller.

JOHN WILEY & SONS, Inc. *605 Third Ave. N. Y., N. Y. 10016*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a compassionate acceptance of tragedy in which the urgings of self yield in grace to the absolute of the human condition, has eluded her.

Perhaps it is because, though she rebelled against middle-class conventions, she has never cast off her belief in the essentially middle-class concept of life as utilitarian. In the final sentence of *Force of Circumstance* she told us she felt "gypped." *A Very Easy Death* helps us to understand more fully why. The brilliant philosophy student has flunked her final exam; the eager "Beaver" of Sartre's affectionate nickname has no answer to the questions raised by death save that it is an accident—"you die from *something*" — and a violation. "You frighten me, you do," her mother murmurs to the formidable daughter at her bedside. She takes the words out of the reader's mouth.

Colette: A Scandalous Sincerity

EARTHLY PARADISE: Colette's autobiography, drawn from the writings of her lifetime. *By Robert Phelps. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 505 pp. $6.95.*

MARY ELLMANN
Mrs. Ellmann is currently preparing a book about women novelists for Harcourt, Brace & World. Her articles on fiction have appeared in Commentary.

Earthly Paradise is the first fat book by Colette. Naturally, as a plump woman, she preferred slender books, and this new reversal of her taste is explained, of course, by her not ever having quite written it. *Earthly Paradise* is an attempt, by rearrangement of Colette's writing, to persuade her, now that she is dead, to produce a consecutive autobiography.

And a quite successful attempt. The new book offers a genuine sample of Colette's work, a generous sample too, since (in one place or another) almost whole old books are included. And since very little that Colette wrote is boring ("Boredom is so intensely depraving!"), almost any part or any selection of what she wrote is interesting. The editor, Robert Phelps, has a natural ally too in Colette's habit of shapeliness: her books subdivide easily into sections, each rounded in effect and yet depending on the whole, like grapes in a bunch. These sections lend themselves to being plucked out of place and smoothly dissimulate their sense of outrage. Yet, as often in dealing with a compliant personality, the editor eventually comes up against a stubbornness, a refusal to do more even for amiability's sake. Living, Colette was inconsecutive in her memoirs, subordinating recollection to style, extinguishing whole decades that failed to provoke "better words." And the progress of autobiography is still impeded where Colette chose to impede it.

For some reason, the anthology does not include the first event, Colette's birth, remembered as forgotten and invaluable pain by her mother Sido in *La Maison de Claudine*. But the two best memories of Colette's life, her country home and that same Sido, who reconciled intelligence and love, are well represented. So, in their degrees, are her father and brothers, her growing up as Sido's "masterpiece," and her first marriage, at 20, to the Parisian "Willy" (Henri Gauthier-Villars), world champion of bad husbands. Moving into *his* earthly paradise, Colette undergoes what she calls *Mes Apprentissages:* he locks her up to write the Claudine books, he publishes them as his own, he exhibits her at skating rinks as the artless "model" of his heroine. Poor premature Willy, the huckster born before his time.

But of her second and third marriages, to Henri de Jouvenel and to Maurice Goudeket, and of the voluntary continuation of her writing, Colette spoke briefly or tangentially, and she does not expand on them now. Consequently, segments of her life, like the years 1920-1939, consist in *Earthly Paradise* of such matters as "The South of France," "Gastronomy," "Animal Nature" and, neither fish nor fowl, "Human Nature" (20 pages). These periods in which the writer, for the purposes of biography or autobiography, seems to hibernate rather than to live, remain as opaque in the new book as Colette left them forever in 1954.

Still, in depending entirely upon Colette's nonfiction, *Earthly Paradise* may be a useful supplement in English to her most popular novels, *Chéri* and *Gigi*. And it is published at a time when there isn't much except that popular loyalty on which Colette can depend. She seems, for the time being, out of fashion: as an old woman during the Second World War she was writing *Gigi* while Camus was writing *The Stranger*. Her work is divorced from subsequent French concerns with the theory of fiction or with embodiments of philosophy in fiction. She had no taste for theory, feeling that "feathered hats, general ideas, and earrings" did not become her. She spoke of her own thoughts as though they were cows wintering in a barn: "They have grown used to waiting, half asleep, for their feed of fresh words." Her commitment to the concrete was so absolute that words and even single letters, the two abstractions she could not escape, became things for her: she saw the capital *S* "standing on end like a protecting serpent."

It is this attachment to the visible that prompts the conception of Colette as naturalist and, by extension, as pantheist. But it is risky, as Robert Phelps has said, to ignore the qualifications of her famous "Look!" Colette had, certainly, a tendency toward excess, toward an emotive extravagance, the aspect of her work which an unpleasant friend labeled "rustic poetics." But it seems more difficult to be a Wordsworth in France, especially in Paris, and the checks which Colette imposed upon her sensuous excursions are not romantic. She remarks that a "literary coldness, healthy on the whole, protected me from romantic delirium. . . ." And in *Break of Day (La Naissance du Jour),* an apostrophe, "Vines, you shall rear yourself into the sky," is clipped at once by "Already lyrical, already in ecstasy?"

Colette undeniably possessed, and enjoyed, an animal-like sharpness of the senses. Few could say of a rose that it

Just Published:

A Poetry Reading Against the Vietnam War

Made up of material read at the Poetry Read-Ins against the war held in many campus and public halls this spring.

edited by Robert Bly and David Ray

Poems and prose pieces by General Araki, Abraham Lincoln, Galway Kinnell, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Adolf Hitler, John F. Kennedy, Louis Simpson, David Ray, William Stafford, Robinson Jeffers, I. F. Stone, George Hitchcock, Lyndon B. Johnson, Thucydides, James Wright, Walt Whitman, Robert Peterson, Robert Creeley, Robert Bly, the author of Ecclesiastes and others.

Published by **THE AMERICAN WRITERS AGAINST THE VIETNAM WAR.** Letterpress, 64 pp., $1.00. Available in the larger bookstores. Distributed by The Sixties Press. Mail orders: Sixties Press, Odin House, Madison, Minnesota, one dollar, postpaid.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smelled like "crushed ants," and it is as doggy as it is witty to say that another rose smelled "like a gymnasium frequented exclusively by young red-headed women." Yet the only sensation which she seems not to have cross-examined was the desire for good food: Maurice Goudeket has recalled her rattling the kitchen with her cries of "I'm hungry!"

But within her books, these rapacious senses are supervised by ironic severity. Even her writing habits exemplified the chosen debate. In the morning, in Provence, she gardened with the ferocity described in *Break of Day*. In the afternoon she went inside, into the least attractive room, and wrote. And she thought of writing as discipline, as her eccentric form of austerity. It became, it is true, the discipline without which her life seemed aimless, but it was nonetheless a deliberate removal from living. The current questions of fiction, how to weather ennui, how to initiate action, are alien to Colette. It is not the prolongation of torpor which frightens her but her possible capitulation to excitement. "One must be careful not to fall in the direction in which one naturally leans."

This care is taken through a variety of expedients. She writes, she says, about her own "conflagrations" only when she is "a little at a distance, cool and in a safe spot." In her "case-book of love," *The Pure and the Impure*, she searches each encounter for a sacrifice of pleasure or an "invisible severity," the quality which prompts her to respect the "Ladies of Llangollen," two early pioneers of Welsh Lesbianism. Only that respect, or an awe of English, could account for her not smiling over the elder Lady's diary: "From seven to nine, I had a sweet conversation with The Delight of my Heart, by the fire. Then we put our hair up in curlers. . . ."

More often, as romanticism is close to solemnity, Colette determines upon what she calls frivolity. She excuses a snake as though he were a nephew: "He's young, after all, and intelligent." Her memory fastens on the defect which a friend found in that most blatant image of natural beauty, the peacock: "He is beautiful . . . but it's mistaken of him to wear long, snuff-colored knitted underpants." She can turn the same frivolity on human beauty, "the bottomless, radiant imbecility of Mlle. d'Estouteville," on feminine histrionics, "It's four o'clock . . . at five I have my abyss," and on sexual relations: a man confides in a woman "whose frigidity or sophistication sets his mind at rest." That quality in Colette which Gide considered vulgarity but which in Sido is called a "scandalous sincerity," results in the acumen of the least lyrical observations: "nasty little curtains fit for wrapping up abortions."

There is, after all, something here that we have appropriated as modern, a working against the grain, a many times repeated *Journal à Rebours*. A novel like *The Ripening (Le Blé en Herbe)* represents Colette's capacity for an almost immaculate sympathy with sensations, here the sensations of adolescent sexuality, and for all its delicacy it is a suffocating book. What one continues to read of Colette is apt to be these books out of which *Earthly Paradise* is formed, the books in which Colette chooses a high perversity, working distrust against impulse.

To Dream with Gods or Engineers

ANGEL IN THE FOREST. *By Marguerite Young. Scribner's. 331 pp. $6.95.*

HARRIET ZINNES
Mrs. Zinnes teaches creative writing and modern literature at Queens College. She has recently published a book of poetry, An Eye For An I *(Folder Editions).*

Twenty years ago the "intellectual eccentric" still engaged the sympathetic attention of our writers and poets. They themselves were a bit wild, dreamers, idealists, creators of fantasies spun not out of drugs and drink but out of their dreams of society. Robert Owen, "the father of modern socialism," who envisioned a science of society, was then magic enough for the writer of fable. Yet in 1945 when Marguerite Young originally published her superb historical epic on two utopias, she anticipated a new American sensibility, one that was beginning to be wary, to be suspect of the dreamer. Or is it that in reading the reissue of *Angel in the Forest* in 1966 the reader confronts the text with an altered sensibility, one that is uncomfortable unless it encompasses irony?

Angel in the Forest tells two major stories. On a strange spot in America's wilderness, New Harmony, Ind., from 1814 to 1827, two visions of society were given the possibility of development: the spiritual communism of Father Rapp from Württemberg, Germany, and on the same site, after the Rappites found it profitable to move back again to Pennsylvania, the

CURRENT BOOKS ON CURRENT AFFAIRS FROM RANDOM HOUSE

Triumph Or Tragedy
REFLECTIONS ON VIETNAM
By **RICHARD N. GOODWIN.** A former assistant to presidents Kennedy and Johnson reveals the processes — and human misjudgments — that led to our involvement in Vietnam . . . and provides carefully reasoned alternative policies.
Cloth $3.95; Vintage Book $1.45

The Viet-Nam Reader
Edited by **MARCUS G. RASKIN and BERNARD B. FALL.** The first comprehensive collection of significant documents of the Viet-Nam war.
Cloth $5.95; Vintage Book $2.45

Vietnam: Between Two Truces
By **JEAN LACOUTURE.** "Reportage of the best quality . . . by an informed, sensitive, and detached observer." — BERNARD B. FALL, *N. Y. Times Book Review.*
Cloth $5.95; Vintage Book $1.95

The New Radicals
A REPORT WITH DOCUMENTS
By **PAUL JACOBS** and **SAUL LANDAU.** A critical analysis of the protest movements of the 1960's.
Cloth $6.95; Vintage Book $1.95

Report On The John Birch Society—1966
By **BENJAMIN R. EPSTEIN** and **ARNOLD FORSTER.** The Birchers — who they are, what they want, how they work.
Cloth $3.95; Vintage Book $1.45

The Vietnam Hearings
Introduction by **J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT.** From the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings: the testimony of Dean Rusk, George F. Kennan, and Generals Gavin and Taylor.
Cloth $5.95; Vintage Book $1.95

RANDOM HOUSE
457 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

materialistic communism of Robert Owen. Both finally failed as communistic enterprises. Without dogmatism and with poetic understanding of the complexity of men's motives, Miss Young attempts to understand the reasons for these failures.

Were these the failures of dreams not sufficiently linked to reality or of the eccentric betrayed by his foibles, the very source of his dreams? To Miss Young, the fault derived, in part, from man's absurd, but oh so human desire to think with a Father Rapp that a dream can emerge as "an unhooded reality, an angel in the forest," or with that philanthropist from Scotland, Robert Owen, that "happiness is the instinct of the universe, that happiness is attainable through the union of the workingmen in a rational order." The Rappites with their mazes and the Owenites with their "glittering vision of this planet with rectangular paradises" were equally benighted by man's sweet folly: the desire to dream with the gods or to plan and construct with earth-bound engineers.

It is not that Miss Young looks skeptically upon the utopias set up in New Harmony, nor on any attempt to implement a dream. She does not discount eccentricity. In her novel, *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling*, drugs sustain a dream, which is the reality. In *Angel in the Forest* the writer has obviously dreamed a political dream. Miss Young penetrates deeply into this dream and sees behind it a reality as frustrated as the illusion. Despite man's fervent illusions there is always the spade that remains the spade. (Father Rapp, the manufacturer of illusion, was also ironically enough the manufacturer of whiskey.) The Rappites themselves, says Miss Young, were more interested in "their cabbages than in eternity," so that finally they were a "community of businessmen who acted like oiled saints." And if their later community became more and more affluent, it is also true that their country churchyard was converted over to the use of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Their error was not in ignoring the spade but in seeing angels in hearts that were actually inhabited by financial demons.

The error in Robert Owen's dream was free of moral ambiguity. Robert Owen was a good man, with tremendous energy; a reformer who was also an employer. In New Lanark, Scotland, he had built an educational system that transformed charity cases into ladies and gentlemen. He was able to administer mills that worked well enough to build him a fortune. But he was unable to build in a new land. He carried a utopian political vision into rough country that required hard physical labor rather than discussion groups and writers of Declarations of Mental Independence. His community was made up of idlers, fanatics, drunks, a few scientists and some physically weak and unskilled men. They could hardly turn the former Rappite industrious community into a livable and productive utopia. On the contrary, because of so much talk and no work, at one point, "in order to provide housing for the large influx of Owenite population, it was necessary to allocate a few small families to hog houses and sheep shelters. Utopia was exactly what had been predicted, the sty of Epicurus." The sty of Epicurus! There is always something bizarre and comic in all men's dreams. Marguerite Young discerns it.

In the papers left by a Thomas and Sarah Pears, who had come to Robert Owen's paradise of "rational communism" on the banks of the Wabash, Miss Young gives poignant expression to the blasted credulity of a lady pioneer:

> The pit of hell seemed open under Mrs. Pears' feet. To Uncle Bakewell, she wrote that she came away from each lecture on happiness more unhappy than she went—not that she was perverse, but that she represented an important part of human nature. The third part of the moon was already dark—yea, she was going down a very dark sky, so blind she could hardly see, and dogs barking all the way. She felt enslaved, enchained, pursued. There were so many troubles. She would never be able to do the work which Robert Owen expected of the women—never be able to stand her turn, six weeks in the community kitchen, cooking for multitudes! The idea of equality made her sick to the bone. Oh, that she could live in a house upheld by those twin pillars, praise and blame. There was much of her which was reducible to no system. Neither was she a machine, nor was she a string in the community harp. . . . Mrs. Pears considered the sacrifice she had made so blindly, foolishly—leaving Pittsburgh. . . . What good had come of it? Not even a feather bed.

The Pears inevitably returned to Pittsburgh. And New Harmony became another thwarted dream. But the man who made the dream possible can be loved still. Miss Young writes of Owen: "Who fails to love this man fails to love humanity."

Father Rapp does not come off so easily. The credulity of the Rappites was astonishing: it included a willingness to see themselves destroyed. With characteristic wit (a playful phrase, an aphorism, a paradox), Miss Young describes the hardships the Rappites suffered in their new land. They were filled with religious zeal: "They did not forget that they were related to the most sacred characters in sacred history—like Eli among the brambles, eating a raven. For God had chosen the things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are." They were willing to turn negativism even more inward: they accepted Father Rapp's order to take a vow of celibacy. Because his son John defied this order, Father Rapp had him emasculated, and from that agony John dies. Miss Young relates this macabre story as a Freudian grotesque, a tale told of a wilderness in a father's soul.

Angel in the Forest is a superb drama of man's folly and wisdom, of his yearning to be God and of his living as a man, in God's image. Miss Young is eloquent in the tradition of Whitman, Melville and Faulkner who believed, as she does, that America is a large land, not a private navel, that it encompasses myths and the tall tale, the mad adventures, the sadistic pranksters, the confidence men, the Puritans and nature lovers, the murderers of sons and the wasters of women. Like *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling, Angel in the Forest* is in the epic tradition. It restores the poet to his own real world—a world that cherishes the eccentric imagination, that relies on the dream, for without the eccentric there is no history. Without the dream there is finally no reality.

FOR THE GREAT THRILL
Obtain a copy of
THE MARQUIS DE SADE'S
120 DAYS OF SODOM
If your bookseller is sold out, send $12.50, the price, to BOOK AWARDS, Dept. N, 458 Broadway, N.Y. 10013, and it will go to you postpaid.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 6-13-66
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014
☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $5
☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....
STATE ..... ZIP NO. .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Left Behind in Sinai

THE POLITICS OF MODERNIZATION. *By David E. Apter. University of Chicago Press. 481 pp. $7.50.*

THOMAS M. FRANCK

Mr. Franck is a professor of law and director of the New York University Center for International Studies. He is the author of East African Unity Through Law *(New York University Press),* Race and Nationalism *(Fordham University Press) and other books.*

A traditional society, we usually think, is one subsisting in a steaming banana jungle and ruled by chiefs, headmen and witch doctors. Professor Apter reminds us that a traditional society is any political association which places status values to the fore. Even in this country there are clear signs that we tend increasingly to allow purely institutional values to dictate our goals and exhaust our fervor. Traditional societies which are change resistant succumb in conflict with modernizing societies. In a tight, complex, competitive little world, modernization is the elixir of survival.

In this consummately intelligent and stimulating work of political theory, Apter does not make the error of prescribing a single diet for keeping down the cholesterol count in the body politic. This is, in itself, an important improvement over most prescriptive writing in the "whither society?" literary syndrome. Instead, drawing on his extensive field research in Uganda, Ghana and, to a lesser extent, other parts of Africa, Apter tries to describe the various methods by which a society modernizes and the factors which prevent modernization in others.

Although Apter's encyclopedia of modernizing societies includes such exotic species and subspecies as the modernizing autocracy and the political theocracy, the main entries are the *mobilization system* and the *reconciliation system.* The former includes China, Nkrumahist Ghana and Egypt. The latter is typified by pre-military-coup Nigeria and the United States.

Apter's view is that the mobilization system is characterized by personalized, charismatic leadership, political religiosity and a nationalistic-Socialist dogma. It tends to be erratic and short-lived, but relatively effective in bringing about a leap from the stage in which a society values *tradition* and consistency above all to one in which it values *change,* professionalism, youth, the intellectual and, *primus inter pares,* the scientist. It is powered by consummatory values, which is to say that it keeps its eye on the distant star. As the mobilization *élan* fades, as it has with dramatic suddenness in Ghana, Apter predicts that the system becomes more pragmatic but not necessarily more democratic—to adopt "neo-mercantilist values."

The reconciliation system, which is based on diversified power and leadership, on negotiation and compromise, tends in Apter's opinion to be capable of sustaining modernization and growth "only if there is extensive self-discipline, popular participation, civic devotion and, above all, a planning mechanism." Thus, the reconciliation system would appear to be appropriate for the United Kingdom, Israel or the United States, but not for Ghana (which had abandoned it after a brief trial), Egypt (which never tried it) or Nigeria (which tried but failed, at least for the moment). "Today reconciliation systems need to be rich in order to be successful (and even then they rarely appeal to younger political generations), and in newly modernizing societies they are not likely to be." Instead, reconciliation-type systems in newly developing nations seem only to lead to institutionalized obstruction and interest seeking, stratification of society, corruption and stagnation —all in the name of a phony parody of parliamentary democracy. On this, one finds agreement among the Nkrumahs, Nyereres and young coup-colonels.

Worst of all, the reconciliation systems in underdeveloped nations, even though usually lacking the coerciveness of mobilization systems, in practice give the citizen *less* of a sense of participation in government. In mobilization systems, the man in the mud hut is at least involved, as an individual, in the *style,* even if not the power play, of politics. Rallies, demonstrations and other jollifications are not designed to test the citizen's appreciation of his leaders, but they do demonstrate the leaders' appreciation of the importance of the citizenry. In Mexican Presidential elections, for example, in what is essentially a one-party system, the inevitable victor's role is to campaign vigorously, not in order to cadge votes but to achieve maximum exposure to the voters and give them a tangible (if largely symbolic) sense of participation.

In the new nations which had adopted it, the reconciliation system, on the other hand, provided the machinery of multi-party parliamentary democracy. But, Apter adds, "though repressive law is limited, equity remains a matter of competitive bargaining between groups, mediated by government and regulated by rules." The political parties generally are little more than the same old status-oriented tribes, in which the few lead the many: not in informed analysis and debate of national and international issues but in opportunistic raids across the ill-defined line between dissent and dissension. Apter concludes that "since so few participate" in the democratic process, "the system could be described as taking place in a vacuum."

If the parliamentary democracy we know is not the right prescription for newly developing nations, does this mean that the lights of freedom are gradually going out all over the world? Is Nkrumahism, with or without Nkrumah, or neo-mercantilism, or mercantilist-militarism, the New Wave on which, at best, our little Noah's Ark is destined to be tossed, forever, with a few representative specimens of our democracy aboard?

Apter is not so readily discouraged. He finds two reasons to hope for the future of democracy and the reconciliation system. Neither reason, however, is quite what we had expected and the rabbits are, therefore, much more interesting than the somewhat familiar hat from which they are drawn. Apter's first reason for hope is the search for a humanist faith by which democracy can regain the popular sense of purpose and association which was lost with the decline of Christianity. It is to this loss of faith, of a

why can't you be insured for life ?

Unfortunately, too many people, too often, are denied the benefits of Life Insurance because of health or other personal problems. If you are a part of this group, we hope you will give us the opportunity of developing an insurance program to fit your needs. We are proud to specialize in this important area. Write or call and be sure to mention this ad.

Jafco Life AGENCY, INC.

INSURANCE SPECIALISTS
431 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016
MU 4-5779

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense of ultimate purpose, that Apter attributes the diseases of social alienation and cultural stagnation. He insists that our contemporary faith in procedural institutions—the law, for example, and the Congress—is no substitute for a faith in substantive values and in a destiny of man. He makes a long end run: "Having lost its religious basis, our society is in danger of becoming a system of organized plunder in which meaning derives only from personal gain, orderliness becomes mere containment of anarchy, and the concept of humanness has no wider dimension than an individual's functional value. This is the ultimate and disastrous consequence of the utilitarianism omnipresent in our schools and colleges and in daily life."

Is Apter telling us that life is nasty, brutish and short? Or echoing Ruth Shklar's accusation that our competitive society is producing "an elite of emotionally stunted rat racers and a mass of dim-witted inferiors"? That ours is an imperfect society is too trite a thought to be uttered. But is it as wickedly utilitarian as all that? And is its badness really due to lack of a bright star to steer by? No affluent, powerful ruling class has ever before so peaceably and uncompetitively shed itself of its colonies or divested itself of the profitable privileges of racial superiority. And the self-imposed welfare state may be "organized plunder"—but not in the sense meant by Apter. What utilitarian "personal gain" is there to be derived from two years in the Peace Corps or by whites' participation in the civil rights movement?

Even the war in Vietnam, if it has a deeper social significance, seems to me to evince the predominance of ideals over utility in American foreign policy. To argue that the war is a monopolist-capitalist bid for markets and colonies is simply to face one's guns in the wrong direction. America is in Southeast Asia because it believes that the people of Vietnam must have the democratic option. Call that ideal naive, but don't call it utilitarian.

What makes Apter's search for democratic viability in the discovery of new "consummatory values" and "larger meanings" particularly surprising is—and this is the second stimulating rabbit—that he appears to find *his* star not in Marxism, which is dismissed as "more and more a ritualized expression of antecedent values," nor in "modernizing autocracy, which has become almost obsolete" but in *science*.

That science is essential to modernization is commonplace. But to Apter it is science which can rejuvenate democracy. Science can remedy the lack of impetus in the older industrial democracies and save them from ossifying. "The scientific spirit," Apter says, "is the basis of an ideology that provides a measure of identity for those who subscribe to it and a measure of solidarity for the members of a society in the midst of change."

In authoritarian societies, for example, science forces stay the hand of coercion in the name of knowledge. "The Scientific ethic is based on the need for free exchange of knowledge and information. This is particularly necessary in modernizing societies, where, although their numbers are small, scientists, social scientists, and technicians are the modernizers."

A faith in science seems to me as excessive as Apter's faith in faith. It is, of course, true that scientists need access to data and that free-flowing data is a kind of freedom. But is it true that the sort of data most scientists need is the kind civil libertarians are talking about? Not every truth makes us free. A man in chains is not in the least liberated by a logarithmic table. Yet the confusion between neutral scientific data and the ideas that move men and that totalitarians suppress is evident in Apter's remark that "when China succeeds in industrializing, the conflicts (between the scientific need for data and the political need to coerce) ought to become much sharper and the role of the scientist more influential. Already the fields of pure science and atomic research appear to be relatively free of coercion." Are China's atomic scientists free to travel to England? To run for political office? To subscribe—God help us—to *Time*, the weekly news magazine? Surely it is misleading to think either that libertarian societies must produce better technological results than authoritarian-coercive ones—particularly in the short run—or that a highly science-oriented community is likely to work its way to freedom through data processing. Copernicus and Galileo are in this respect almost *ad homonym*. Scientists are, familiarly, servants of the society to which they belong. Notoriously, it is the scientists at Russian universities who, in opposition to the humanists, are the reliable and uncritical mainstay of the anti-libertarian condition. Russian biology timidly reached out to Mendel only a decade after the literati helped themselves to the work of Hemingway, and to Freud not at all.

Apter himself describes the "scientific ethic" as "an emphasis on rationality and the importance of empirical research, an awareness of what constitutes valid evidence, and a feeling that what is known must be susceptible of verification." But from this we are to conclude that "the scientific spirit is the basis of an ideology that provides a measure of identity for those who subscribe to it and a measure of solidarity for the members of a society in the midst of change."

This sounds like the creed of a brave new world, and one hates to be left behind in Sinai. But I've tried reciting it, Gregorian-chanting it and belting it out to the tune of the Old Hundredth: it just won't work.

Science, like the law, seems to me more

THE BATHING PLACE

There it was as if the body
had no origin. As if it came
up from the muds and lingered
here to this perdition.

They stood, sat, knelt and
stretched on a plot of grass
no bigger than a tennis court
seventy naked men in the

match-light of an English sun.
The Cherwell is not a crystal
brook; the currents churn with
weeds and silt but when I punted

past the bathing place a fat man
with greying pubes dove like
a muskrat into the stunted waters.
Four nude boys twisted like slugs

in the sweaty light. A man so old
his skin was matted to his sinew
covered his privates with a woolen
cap. "Why do they come here to this

damp and hidden place? Why do men come
and linger nude when the sun is
hidden in a fetid mist?" "They come
for sinister reasons. Not sexual

but natural fantasy draws them bare-
assed to this soggy pitch
where they lay in wait for Sol
to bugger them. He never does."

I'd never strip and show my body
to such men who seem so clothed
when they are not. I've lain
naked in the sun but not with men

who look like dry rot in a fallen
tree, who roll on their glue-white
butts snorting at the sun. It takes
style to strip. It's not pulling off

of pants and shirt that makes a body
nude; its putting on of skin.
I dove once into the Aegean
from a rock on Ios

and brushed against a
jelly fish round as a ten
gallon hat. That stripped me.
I've not been dressed since.

NED O'GORMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a method of achievement with its own internal system of integrity and of values. Science elevates verification, rather as law, which Apter consigns to an institutional value, elevates consistency and reason. The preference for verification and consistency with reason is, in a sense, a faith in ultimate values. But in the end, both law and science are instruments for the achievement of social purpose and not substitutes for the social purpose itself. As Hitler's scientists and Hitler's courts served evil, so ours can serve good. But though a definition of social good and social evil may happen to come from a scientist (an Oppenheimer, for example), it cannot come as science but as art, and should be received accordingly: with interest, an open mind, and with a healthy disrespectful awareness of its subjectivity.

In Darkest Fulbright

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ
Mr. Kostelanetz is the editor of The New American Arts *(Horizon) and* On Contemporary Literature *(Avon) and the forthcoming* Twelve Great Stories of the Sixties *(Dell).*

Some institutions have developed such an aura of sanctity that they seem above criticism. Such an icon is the Fulbright Program, which sends American scholars and lecturers abroad and selects foreign students to study here. It is indicative that in Walter Johnson and Francis J. Colligan's *The Fulbright Program* (Chicago University Press), the only negative judgments are attributed to Communist newspapers. But surely there must be *some* deficiencies in the Fulbright Program.

I had a grant myself last year to do research at the University of London. I learned about England, investigated into my subject and enjoyed my new friends. But I can attest that the program itself is not wholly congenial.

First of all, it is difficult to discern the purpose of the stipend. Is it supposed to offer a year of graduate education to recent *cum laudès*? Is the intention to subsidize the research of maturing scholars? Should it flood the country with subdiplomats—"cultural ambassadors," if you will—who will spread good cheer, become model citizens and spout the American point of view on all occasions? The program's officials mention all these purposes here and there; but because the aims are hardly complementary, the result is confusion in their own minds as well as in the scholars'.

The first purpose strikes me as fantasied; for recent graduates in America are generally not mature enough as scholars to do much work on their own. Their applications outline hastily imagined projects and they generally embarrass the program because they are so ill equipped to handle the work the universities accepted them to undertake. More than one sponsor has telephoned the program's executive secretary to ask why so-and-so was selected, since he hardly appears interested in his own project. Many of these Fulbrights need another year to decide, for example, if law school might be better than academic work. For some the grant affords the first year away from their parents; abroad, they become either nuisances or cop-outs. The shame is that often they have taken places that might otherwise have gone to students with real research to do. In the English program, which is the most competitive, about one-fifth of the scholars seemed incipient professionals—people capable of doing work of some substance; and I would doubt if the percentage is higher in other countries.

If the Fulbright Program considers itself an adjunct of diplomacy, it should select red-cheeked fraternity presidents rather than scholars. Still, the program's bureaucrats often mention this "purpose" to discipline behavior they find recalcitrant, to justify asking the Fulbrights to give gratis lectures (often, "humorous after-dinner talks") up and down the land, and to support their own presence in the country. However, high-handed bureaucrats, armed with secretaries to type letters and place telephone calls, generally create more bad feeling among local scholars than the most obnoxious students. Also, many of the Fulbright programs are subsidized by war debts, a fact that is nothing but an embarrassment to those who do research and to their hosts.

The biggest threat facing the Fulbright scholar is lack of money. He simply does not receive enough to subsist, even alone; and those with families or those assigned to cities with higher standards of living are further disadvantaged, because they receive no supplements for their greater burden. For a scholar with a family, the situation is nearly intolerable, because most countries legally forbid him or his spouse from taking a job that requires a working permit—a fair rule where considerable unemployment exists. However, with the same innocence of realities that keeps them from supplying increments, the commission fails to consider what happens to a family of two or three or four forced to live on $1,550 (the English stipend) for ten months, in places where prices may equal those of American cities. They often live in hopelessly crowded and unheated conditions, sometimes in a noisy slum—a situation hardly conducive to serious study. Both the husband and wife may attempt to get work outside the province of the working permit, for example as translators, Gallup pollsters, researchers, part-time teachers, commercial artists, writers or baby sitters. Some even develop a small business in books or paintings; one sent his wife back to the States to earn money for herself and him. If the Fulbright offers financial hardship to the grantee, it demands nothing but sacrifice from the spouse.

The money situation would not be so terrible if the scholar were native to the place and knew the local byways of cutting costs. However, strange places are as a rule more expensive than home; and if one is to fulfill the role of an honored guest rather than a Bohemian outcast, the expenses escalate. In London, for example, the housing officer advises the incoming Fulbrights not to look for apartments south of the Thames because, she says, it is "too slummy" for Americans. Actually, many of the buildings are comfortable; the neighborhoods safe and convenient; the rents cheap; the people, cockney. She really means that the area is too totally working class and notoriously unfashionable for a Fulbright. Moreover, how can the commission expect the Fulbright scholar to socialize with the local folk if he cannot afford a round of drinks at the pub? In London, I knew a couple who were slum dwellers by tradition, sedentary by nature and Spartan by habit—the sort who live on less than $3,000 per year in New York. Still, they spent the equivalent of three Fulbrights in ten months; like everyone else in the program, they borrowed money from home.

To make matters worse, as an American the scholar is subject to the accumulated traditions of fleecing; but where the tourist pays freely to escape complica-

BUY YOUR BOOKS through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks), published in the U.S., at the regular retail price post-free. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible. Remittance must accompany order. Make checks payable to: The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions, the Fulbright scholar usually cannot afford it. In addition, rather than representing the interests of the student, the local commission acts on behalf of "good public relations" with the country. For example, when a Negro student had considerable difficulty finding lodging for himself and his family, the commission refused to supplement his stipend or to acknowledge that James Crow lived in England.

Indeed, the major thorn of the Fulbright is precisely commission bureaucrats; for the program is a kind of HARYOU in which executives live in regal style ("fat-catting"), while the peons in whose name it is run starve on a pittance. These officials consider themselves diplomats; thus, they have plush offices in sumptuous buildings, as well as clerks, secretaries and receptionists; and their personal salaries are often ten times that of the scholars they support. Moreover, having nothing to do, they become nuisances to the scholars, cajoling them into participating in all sorts of official functions, invading their lives with the freedom and impatience of the police, and even threatening to withhold the monthly stipend or the payment of passage home.

To make matters worse, officials tend to be failed academics—men with good degrees, a record of diligence, grandiose ambitions, but little success; thus, they exhibit considerable *ressentiment* toward those young scholars who, talented and productive, have free time to develop their interests. These officials are the sort of men who, upon failing to attain the deanship or the professorship at the university back home, would become deans of admissions or freshmen or of financial aid; abroad, they become royalty with their own castles. They enjoy being disciplinarians; and their favorite threat is the standard recourse of the weak monitor—to put a black mark in one's record. (Who puts, one wonders, the black marks in *their* records?)

Some have been known to write professors who supplied references for a brilliant but difficult student, threatening never to honor their opinions again. As cultural ambassadors, these officials are hardly effective. They are rightly blamed for the selection of immature students, and local teachers object to their high-pressure tactics in placing students in universities. The selection committees abroad are often elderly V.I.P.s with little sense of matters academic or intellectual; they prefer the safe and traditional to the adventurous and contemporary.

As a rule, when a charitable program exists more for the sake of the officials than the recipients, the beneficiaries become dupes in the perpetuation of the bureaucratic machine; and despite its honorable intentions, the Fulbright Program is no different. The student is being exploited so that the bureaucrat can thrive in expense-account comfort. As the bureaucrats prefer the most exploitable and obedient students, the European teachers complain, quite rightly, that Fulbrights are not as challenging and exciting as the students they meet in America. One can hardly imagine Norman Mailer, Marshall McLuhan, Allen Ginsberg or William Faulkner as Fulbrights; and perhaps this explains why so few major books were written on Fulbright scholarships.

Anything less than a general overhaul of the program will only bring continuing disrespect, not only with American students but also with foreign scholars. In this respect I submit a five-point program:

First of all, its subsidy must be removed from war debts. Forgive the debt; pay for the program out of American money.

Second, give the scholars sufficient funds to meet the area's standard of living, adding increments for those who have families or who reside in areas with acknowledgedly higher costs.

Third, stop insisting that the scholars be cultural ambassadors; American students are gregarious enough to be fine emissaries without being self-conscious missionaries.

Fourth, encourage mature scholars, rather than recent graduates. I recommend the following selection procedure: A student on his own initiative writes a professor of his choice at a foreign university, asking to do research under him and presenting evidence of his own competence and of the relation of his interests to the professor's; the professor, upon deciding to accept the applicant, then sends a note to the local consulate. Providing that both the sponsor and his prospective student are of a demonstrably high caliber, a professonal selection committee in Washington should award the grant. The student will therefore join the community of scholars at the invitation of the community, rather than become a cipher foisted upon a local university.

Fifth, abolish the educational commissions and their selection committees. They are fundamentally unnecessary; and the money saved should go toward increasing the stipend. These reforms will, I believe, push the program closer to Sen. J. W. Fulbright's ideal, expressed in his foreword to *The Fulbright Program:* "The optimum utilization of physical, cultural, spiritual, and human resources, and the perfect adjustment of the individual within the social framework."

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

PROJECT DIRECTOR or Assistant Director of pilot program in pre-vocational education for employment applicants. Experience in educational design, administrative background, willingness to experiment, long hours. Salary range $10,000-$12,000. All applications treated confidentially.

INSTRUCTOR in literacy and mathematics for disadvantaged youths and adults. Urban teaching experience, ability to experiment with curriculum and methodology. Initiative and ingenuity necessary. Salary range $5500-$8000.

SOCIAL SERVICE WORKER for disadvantaged individuals participating Skills-Training Program. Background in Social Services, experience working with disadvantaged youths and adults. Salary range $6500-$7500.

PRE-PLACEMENT TRAINER for vocational instruction to employment—applicants prior to job placement in fundamentals and terminology of job assignments. Background in industrial instruction and working with disadvantaged individuals. Salary range $7000-$7500. All applications considered confidentially.

CURRICULUM ASSISTANT for pilot program in education for employment. Should be experienced in curriculum design and administration. Must be able to work under stress. Salary range $6500-$9000. All applications treated confidentially.

PROJECT ANALYST for special employment-education project. To design and carry out a sytematic program evaluation, general knowledge in research, testing, statistics and psychology useful. Salary range $6000-$8000. All applications considered confidential.

VOCATIONAL COUNSELOR for disadvantaged persons seeking employment with job skills. Experience in counseling, familiarity with aptitude tests, experience working with disadvantaged individuals. Salary range $7000-$8000.

GROUP LEADER for participants in special job training program. Counseling experience, demonstrated ability to relate to disadvantaged youths and adults. Salary range $6500-$7500.

Send resumé to Box 590, c/o The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED